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The Week

IN THE present world crisis all sorts of stubbornly held fictions are hurriedly being cast aside. The first one was the fiction held by three successive Republican administrations in the United States that there was no connection between reparations and war debts. The second, the abandonment of which has been widely noticed in the American press, was that we had no business coöperating officially with Europe in European issues; that these were not our affair and did not affect us. "Unofficial observers" will not do now at the Paris and London Conferences; we are lucky to have there our Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury, who can speak with direct authority, make agreements and represent the legitimate interest of this nation in world affairs of prime importance. The last fiction to go is that in matters of this kind we are, or can be, dealing strictly with "economic" factors as opposed to "political" ones. It was the political War, and the political Treaty of Versailles, which started much of the trouble. The politico-economic policies of France and other nations since then have aggravated it. Political changes in policy must be called upon for remedies. It is not only the insane and destructive economic policies which have a political origin; sound ones as well demand control and coöperation by the State. Politics and economics are, and must increasingly be, Siamese twins.

THE American proposal to the London Conference is a logical emergency measure. The immediate injury to German exchange and to the liquidity of the banks arises from the large withdrawals of funds from Germany. This is made possible because of the volume of short-term foreign credit now placed there. As rapidly as notes fall due, payment can be demanded; neither renewals nor new lendings will take their place as long as confidence is lacking. But if an international agreement of bankers can be made to renew and replace instead of withdrawing these short-term credits, the danger will be held in check. Then the nations may see what further may be done. The proposal does not go far, but something of the sort is a minimum essential as a beginning, if Germany and Europe are to be saved from economic collapse. That the next logical step is a long-term loan we do not believe, for the reasons stated in our editorial, "Bankrupt Germany," on page 272 of this issue.

A GRAVE situation has developed between Negroes and whites in Tallapoosa County, Alabama, as a result of which at least one Negro has been killed, thirty-four have been imprisoned and four others have disappeared under circumstances which strongly suggest that they have been murdered by a mob partly composed of local officers of the law. The immediate cause of the clash has been meetings of the "Share Croppers' Union," a Negro organization formed, evidently under Communist auspices, to seek better agreements from the white landowners of that region. These meetings were called partly for the purpose of protesting the Scottsboro case, partly to formulate and press the demands upon the landowners. The International Labor Defense reports that the landlords are paying men fifty cents, women and children twenty-five cents, a day

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for work in the fields, and have refused to supply food for the six weeks from July 1 to August 15. Correspondents of the I. L. D. insist that the Negro who was killed was first fired upon in the highway, having his legs smashed, and afterward murdered in the nearby home of a Negro, where he was under a physician's care. Alabama is evidently working up to a major disaster in the form of a race war—a war which, of course, will result in a white victory after enough blood has been shed. We see no evidence that the collective authorities in Alabama want to prevent such a war or are willing to take any sensible steps to prevent it.

SECRETARY of Labor Doak, who delights in deporting alien Communists to their native lands, is at his favorite sport again. He has decided that Eduardo Machado, arrested as an alien radical, must be sent back to the country of his birth, Venezuela. The order of deportation has been temporarily suspended, as have the similar orders against the Chinese student Tai Hsuan Li and the Italian Communist Guido Serio, pending court decisions in each of the three cases. If Machado must return to Venezuela, which is still under the notoriously brutal dictatorship of Gomez, he runs a grave chance of being put to death; several of his friends are slowly dying in the underground dungeons of Maracaibo for having taken an active part in one of the few public protests against Gomez's tyranny. That Machado will face torture, imprisonment and death for his political convictions seems to make no impression on Mr. Doak, who evidently is convinced that this country must be protected from radical doctrines even at the cost of death to their adherents.

THE Wickersham Commission has now said its say on the Mooney-Billings case. In the course of a long document discussing "Criminal Procedure," there are a few sentences dealing with California's tragedy. The report deplores the fact that California law does not permit a new trial even after additional evidence has been obtained which, as in this case, "charges" perjury on the part of a material witness and when the plea for a new trial is made "on the ground" that the prosecuting attorney has been guilty of fraud. Such a condition, the report says, "is shocking to one's sense of justice." Similar laws exist in other states (Massachusetts had the same statute at the time of the Sacco-Vanzetti case) and the Commission urges that these laws be altered to permit a new trial whenever there is substantial evidence that an injustice has been perpetrated. We should perhaps be glad that the Commission, which certainly has not been noted for its courage, plucked up enough spirit to include these words in its report; the National Mooney-Billings Committee has already expressed its gratitude. Nevertheless, we cannot forget that the Wickersham Commission, on the face of the evidence, has apparently suppressed a complete report on the California affair, describing it as an outstanding recent example of "lawless law enforcement"; that this report was prepared by a staff of eminent lawyers at great length and with the utmost care, showing beyond any possible contradiction the shameful misuse of the legal machinery of California; and that publication of this report by the Commission would in all human probability have been the last straw needed to force California's timorous Governor to set the victims free. The Commission has subordinated the cause of justice to political expediency and the personal ambitions of some of its members. No doubt the general public, even if it realizes the significance of this action, which is doubtful, will soon forget; but the members of the Commission cannot. With the exception of Mr. Monte M. Lemann, who refused to sign the report, Mr. Wickersham and his associates must carry to their graves the stigma of having failed to speak out when they could have done so, in the interest of justice and truth.

THE depression has offered a convenient excuse to reactionary college presidents seeking to rid themselves of liberal teachers: these can now be dismissed on the plea of hard times, without the necessity of admitting that the real reason is the character of their views. President Brooks of the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering has used this pretext to rid the college of an outstanding member of the faculty, Dr. Carl C. Taylor: the graduate school, of which Dr. Taylor was the head, is to be abandoned. But the cat has been let out of the bag by one of the trustees, "Dave" Clarke, editor of The Southern Textile Bulletin and eager servant of the reactionary textile manufacturers who so largely dominate North Carolina today. "Through a fortunate circumstance," writes Mr. Clarke in the June issue of his journal, "North Carolina State College has been able to remove the leading radical in the faculty. . . . It will be fortunate for other colleges and universities if they find that their radicals are in the pathes [sic] of economy moves." Mr. Clarke's candor is more to be commended than his use of the English language: there is no doubt that he speaks for the dominant powers in North Carolina today, those which have so shamefully betrayed the state's heritage of liberalism. No fears need be entertained for Dr. Taylor's future; his distinguished abilities are well known. Our regrets are for the boys and girls of North Carolina who will go to college knowing they will receive instruction from a faculty whose members do not dare tell the truth as they see it. The situation was well expressed by Dr. Clarence Poe, a trustee of the college and one of the few North Carolinians who dared raise his voice against the dismissal of Dr. Taylor, when he said:

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> I believe our colleges are in ten times more danger from professors who are afraid to tell the truth, from men who are too much afraid of their jobs to speak out about matters of public welfare, than they are from having professors go to the other extreme. Our colleges had better risk some radicalism than develop faculties noted for timidity and intellectual dry rot.

THE railroads have been meeting with discouragement lately in their campaign for a flat 15-percent increase in freight rates. They have been making pitiful plaints of their financial troubles, of their fallen credit, of the threatened impairment of their property and the unfair competition of automobiles, buses and motor trucks. In this "emergency," they have asked the Interstate Commerce Commission to render a prompt and favorable decision upon the proposed new freight rates, arguing, like many Wall Street doctors of prosperity, that industrial revival itself hinges upon such an advance. But the Commission, according to latest reports from Washington, has dashed their hopes. It evidently intends to move slowly in the matter of placing an additional burden of $400,000,000 in freight charges upon depressed industry and agriculture, in order to prop up the railroads in their present form. The railroads are in for hearings and investigations, while indignant farm leaders and shippers are gathering for the fight against them. If the affair is thoroughly overhauled before the Commission, one of the hardest questions that will be put to the railroad heads will be why they go on paying $43 a ton for steel rails, when the price of all other steel products has been drastically cut during the last two years. The roads, by their confession of helplessness in the face of modern competition, have shown certain signs of obsolescence, such as attacked the bicycle industry twenty years ago. Where all other commodities and services have tended to diminish in price, they ask us to pay higher rates for theirs, and so preserve them. It is as if they plead with us, in a profoundly un-American manner, to turn back the clock, to tear up the paved highways, and junk the buses and motor trucks which offer transportation under certain conditions more cheaply and efficiently than they. The efforts of railroad heads, in another direction, to effect economies and eliminate waste through important mergers of Eastern trunk lines, have also been checked thus far by their own jealousies.

IN OUR issue of June 24 we published an article on Boulder Dam, which is being built by six Western firms under open-shop conditions. In this article it was suggested that the contractors, having underbid their nearest competitor by $5,000,000, would rush the work through as cheaply and with as little attention to the safety and welfare of the workers as they possibly could. Already five workers have been killed on the job and, according to an article in this month's Journal of Electrical Workers and Operators, at least 200 men are likely to be killed before the dam is finished. Though every large construction of this kind requires a certain amount of human sacrifice, it is said that the refusal of the six firms to meet the demands of organized labor will make the sacrifice much greater than it should be. But however many lives are lost during the process of construction, Secretary Wilbur must bear a heavy share of the responsibility, for it was he who insisted that the job be done by private contractors and not by the Reclamation Service whose record for care of the lives and welfare of its workers has, in the various large constructions it has undertaken in the past, always been an enviable one.

PRESIDENT Machado continues to ride the storm and defy the lightning in Cuba; all the past predictions about the imminence of his downfall have proved incorrect. Nevertheless, troubles are accumulating for him so rapidly that it is hard to see how his regime can survive much longer without tremendous external assistance such as does not seem likely. While a state of virtual martial law is maintained, unfriendly newspapers constantly harassed and political enemies arrested on flimsy pretexts and then mysteriously caused to "disappear" forever, Cuba's economic plight gets more and more desperate. The government can be kept going only by a large loan from the New York bankers, who have already advanced many millions of dollars to Machado in return for his assistance in their multifarious business enterprises in Cuba. But a new loan is a grave matter; even if Machado is in power, it is doubtful whether the investment would be safe, and it is equally doubtful whether he can stay in power. Indeed, he would almost certainly have been turned out long ago if his opponents did not fear that the United States would intervene to protect him. The whole situation is a melancholy and typical chapter in Latin American politics, and a clear example of the harm done by our own politico-economic influence.

Bankrupt Germany

BENEATH the official communiqués and the deliberately cheerful headlines it is necessary for the world to grope to the unpleasant but unquestionable facts. Germany, insolvent for years as a result of the War and the Peace, is now bankrupt. The crisis that has been long predicted by critics of the several reparations "settlements" is here. President Hoover's proposals of a year's moratorium in the payment of reparations and war debts came too late, was not accepted by France with sufficient speed, and in any case did not go far enough. It is, as we write, still an open question whether further aid, even of a temporary nature, will be extended in time to prevent a political overturn in Germany which would bring not

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only voluntary repudiation of reparations and of other obligations, but possibly war.

In the past few weeks the crisis has quickly developed. In spite of the Hoover proposal, heavy withdrawals of funds from German banks both by Germans and foreigners continued. A drastic rise in the Reichbank's rediscount rate, though hitting a body blow at economic activity in a time of depression, failed to stem the tide of outflowing gold and the fall of the exchange. A short-term loan which had been made by the leading central banks of the other nations had to be renewed, but in spite of importunities it was not increased; responsible bankers could not take that risk. Important German banks had to close their doors, and leading financial institutions throughout central Europe followed like so many dominoes. Now the situation is held in suspense by a moratorium of banking operations, modified so as to avoid complete paralysis, but impossible to maintain for long. Employers cannot withdraw money with which to buy materials. Notes falling due are left unpaid. Imports, including imports of food, are restricted.

Though individuals with money in the bank may use it on a rationed basis, and though wages due may be rendered, the commercial life of the country cannot continue under these conditions, even at the snail's pace of hard times. H. H. Knickerbocker reports from Berlin to The New York Evening Post that there has been an estimated drop, within a week, of 10 percent in the standard of living. Unemployment is bound to increase beyond its present large proportions. And while this fuse sputters toward the explosive magazine, the diplomats bicker as to the terms on which further aid may be extended to Germany.

The proposal of another large long-term loan, in our opinion, sets the seal of finality on German bankruptcy. Though the nation cannot meet her existing obligations, it is difficult to see how she can resume normal economic life without more money from abroad. And the Germans argue that this credit must be for a long term, to safeguard them against the perils of the already large volume of short-term foreign credit, the easy withdrawal of which has occasioned the existing crisis. But who is willing to lend the money as a business matter? Who has the slightest assurance that it would be safe? If it did not restore confidence, it would not help for long. And why should it restore confidence? Germany has lived on foreign loans ever since the Dawes Plan went into effect, and they have not prevented her from arriving where she is.

Anyone who doubts that Germany has reached the point of bankruptcy will do well to read "The End of Reparations" by Dr. Hjalmar Schacht; former president of the Reichsbank, and compare its main conclusions with what has happened since the book was written. Dr. Schacht, besides defending his own acts in detail for the benefit of a German audience, confirms the judgments reached by many independent economists regarding reparations. No nation can indefinitely maintain a balance of money payments across her borders without sending out a surplus of exports. Germany did not have such a surplus before the War; the peace terms reduced her capacity to produce one; and she has not had one since, except during periods of depression when her industry was not active and she was using up already imported raw materials. Whatever capacity to export she has developed has been hampered by the lack of foreign markets, the tariffs and other restrictions on trade imposed since the War. She has made the necessary payments only by virtue of the fact that the central and other governmental units, together with private concerns, have borrowed large amounts abroad. But these borrowings only postponed the day of reckoning and made the eventual crisis more grave by adding huge sums of interest and principal which had to be paid in foreign currencies.

Dr. Schacht criticizes the German government for having permitted this continuous stream of foreign borrowing, which veiled the true situation. He also criticizes the government for the large expenditures on social services such as unemployment insurance and on economically unproductive public works, for which the borrowed money was used. His formula for paying reparations was to cease borrowing, to cut expenses, and by heroic effort to balance the budget and produce the necessary budgetary surplus. Then the money might be transferred if the other nations would coöperate with Germany in finding markets for her exports.

For over a year now, Germany has tried to follow the internal course recommended by Dr. Schacht. She ceased to borrow much, because the depression and the growing lack of confidence made it impossible for her to find the money. She established a dictatorship in order to pursue a drastic financial policy. Twice she has cut expenses, by reduction of wages and salaries of the large number of government employees, by curtailing unemployment benefits and by other measures creating hardship for the population. Twice she has increased taxes. Still the budgetary deficit, which has existed ever since 1926, persists. These measures have created such threatening opposition, both on the Right and the Left, that the government does not dare go further. Germany, at least in a time of severe depression, cannot even produce the necessary surplus within the country. And the question of how it could be transferred, if it existed, is no nearer an answer. No new foreign markets are in sight. The drastic fall of prices, which is equivalent to a rise in the value of money, redoubles the burden at a time when the old burden could not have been paid. Dr. Schacht's prescription has not worked; it has merely intensified suffering and danger.

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As matters stand, further payment of reparations has merely been postponed for a year. And the payments, when they are resumed, are, at the insistence of the French, supposed to be larger than ever. The delayed instalments are to be amortized in ten years, beginning in 1932. What sane person would regard lending more money to Germany in these conditions as anything but a wild speculation—a speculation based on the fantastic hope that business will shortly become more active than before the depression, and that Germany will not only share fully in prosperity but will find a means to create a large export surplus, such as she has never had?

The French apparently are willing to lend the money, in exchange for political guarantees which are supposed to ensure "security." But security, as the French understand it, is the very opposite of the economic security which would restore confidence and allow German economic life to go on. It is security against any revision of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles which have caused much of the economic trouble. It is security against any lowering of tariff barriers as between Germany and Austria, such as might improve the German situation. If Germany and France should agree on a bargain of this sort, a final solution would be further away than ever, and though a disastrous crash, in terms of revolution or war, might be postponed, it would be rendered virtually inevitable. For prosperity neither of Germany nor of the world can be built on such a basis.

We do not lend new money to a bankrupt until some adjustment has been made of his old obligations. Even then we do not do so unless the old way of running his business, or his former business prospects, are so much improved that we believe the money will help him enough so that it can be repaid. What are the minimum essentials of Germany's salvation as a capitalist nation? Granted that by some hook or crook the present crisis can be outlived, and time is granted to make the necessary readjustments, the following are clearly demanded:

1. Reparations must be completely and finally canceled. It is no longer a question of finding a way to pay reparations, but of finding a way to pay Germany's post-war borrowings. Without confidence that these are safe, nothing can help. Even if they are assumed to be prior obligation to the reparations debt, the effort to pay reparations destroys Germany's ability to prosper enough to pay them.

2. The Allies must disarm to the extent to which Germany is disarmed, thus creating real confidence that peace in Europe is not being imposed by force, and hence is not subject to interruption.

3. There must be a tangible and rapid approach to European economic union, which will encourage trade, make possible rising standards of living, and so increase exports and imports, together with national incomes, that the burden of past debts will be minimized.

The mere statement of these conditions shows how slender is the hope of escape from still more drastic eventualities. France, in driving Germany into a corner, has driven the world into a corner. The debacle may be postponed, but it cannot be avoided unless there is a *démarche*. Unless France can be persuaded to retire and pursue the road of true international coöperation, she will be the instrument by which the Communist prediction is fulfilled. European capitalism will have committed suicide with a French saber.

Hoover and Wheat

WEST OF the Mississippi River, there is little interest in the Hoover moratorium or the German crisis. Reports from that part of the country all agree that attention is centered on their own problem, the low price of agricultural products in general and wheat in particular. The partial failure of the wheat crop along the northern border is more than offset by the bumper crop farther south, and particularly in Kansas. Wheat is down to about thirty cents on the farm, the lowest price in forty years. It is far below the cost of production in most areas, if not in all. Coming after all their previous troubles, this seems likely to prove a fatal last blow for many farmers. Thousands of them are already in default upon their mortgages, and the banks could take over great areas of the country except that the bankers themselves do not want to undertake the risks of operation. It is quite possible, as things are going, that many farms will be abandoned and their owners will seek dubious refuge in the cities, already overcrowded with people seeking work; or that in other cases the farmer will stay on his land and try to keep alive with practically no cash crop, living under conditions of poverty which would have been indignantly characterized as un-American a couple of years ago.

Mr. Hoover now argues that the relief to Germany, implicit in his moratorium plan, will aid the American wheat farmer, and that the slightly better price of a few days ago was a demonstration of this. But in fact it is still highly dubious whether the Hoover plan will rescue German finance, or will even accomplish more good than harm; Dr. Max Winkler has pointed out that while France was hesitating about acceptance, the flight from the mark, which was undoubtedly accentuated by the announcement of the Hoover plan, cost Germany more than she would have saved, even temporarily, through the moratorium. But should the year's truce prove a complete success, the benefit to the American wheat grower would be of small importance in comparison with other adverse factors by which he is now confronted.

Of chief political importance in the immediate

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situation is the Federal Farm Board, which has bought and is holding more than two hundred million bushels of wheat. The farmers are convinced that an important element in depressing the price is the fear that this vast quantity—about a quarter of the annual crop—will be thrown on the market. They have been seeking to extort from the Hoover administration a promise not to sell any wheat for a year or two, but this promise the Farm Board has refused to make. It has offered to confine its sales to a "cumulative maximum" of five million bushels a month, and to sell nothing at the present ruinously low prices; but these guarantees are rejected by the wheat belt as inadequate. In the emergency, the whole region centering in Kansas has risen as one man to demand relief; conservative Republican newspapers and individuals are as vehement in denunciation of Mr. Hoover as anyone else. It will be a long time before he and his party recover from the hostility which has been created in states heretofore rock-ribbed in their devotion.

We do not need to recite in detail the history of the Farm Board's sorry experiment, described in The New Republic of July 1 by Professor A. C. Hoffman of the University of Wisconsin. The two great lines of endeavor in the Board's first two years have been the encouragement of coöperative marketing and actual purchase of vast quantities of the chief crops to keep them off the market and hold up the price. Both these expedients might work if the surplus were only temporary, if the slump in price represented only a small part of the cost of production and if the United States were an isolated unit which did not have to reckon on the world market.

But in the case of wheat none of these conditions has been met. The surplus (not in terms of how much people could eat, but of how much they can buy) is world-wide and continuous; the fall in price has been tremendous, and the United States is a heavy exporter, having this year on hand, including the carry-over, about twice as much wheat as our own people can consume.

There is a tariff on wheat of forty-two cents a bushel; and if the American production could ever be brought down to approximately the domestic consumption, this tariff might operate; but as things now are it is useless. The Hoover administration has bent every effort to persuade growers voluntarily to reduce their acreage, but these efforts have been an absolute failure and must continue to fail whenever the price of wheat is above the cost of production and there is no other more profitable use to which the land can be put. There are two other theoretically possible ways of bringing about curtailment: for the government to buy up vast quantities of wheat land and either devote it to different purposes or keep it idle; or to force a percentage reduction of acreage by law. Such a law, if adopted, would probably be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court; but in any case, it is wildly unlikely that any Congress in the near future would pass such "socialistic" legislation, or that Mr. Hoover or anyone like him would sign it.

Since the problem of wheat is an international one, it can only be solved in the long run by international action. If each of the exporting nations would agree not to send abroad more than its fair share of the total amount required by the importing countries, production would be forced to adjust itself to these exports plus internal consumption: the process would be heartbreakingly hard, but at least it would finally result in an equilibrium. An attempt was recently made to bring about such a limitation of exports: a conference of all the chief wheat-growing countries was called at London, where it was proposed to set up quotas to be maintained by international agreements. But the United States sabotaged the plan. It alone of all the powers represented refused to enter into any agreement of the sort. Instead it threatened, and it still threatens, to dump wheat abroad at a loss, which is precisely the operation our government officials denounce so bitterly when it is alleged to be practised by Soviet Russia.

Sooner or later the world must, of course, return to the plan which was rejected by America at London. With improved agricultural technique and the opening up of new areas for planting, we are faced with the likelihood of a permanent world overproduction which at the very least means a continuance of starvation conditions for the American farmer. Mr. Hoover, whose reputation as the Great Engineer is beginning to show bald patches in so many places, ignores this fundamental fact in all his calculations, and has expended several hundred millions dollars in a King Canute attempt to sweep back the rising economic tide. Millions of his fellow Americans must suffer the gravest hardships until he learns to act in accordance with facts instead of politics, or is succeeded in office by someone else who is able to profit better than he by the curriculum of experience's hard school.

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Social Science and Social Control

IT WOULD require a technical survey, which would be out of place here, to prove that the existing limitations of "social science" are due mainly to unreasoning devotion to physical science as a model, and to a misconception of physical science at that. Without making any such survey, attention may be directly called to one outstanding difference between physical and social facts. The ideal of the knowledge dealing with the former is the elimination of all factors dependent upon distinctively human response. "Fact," physically speaking, is the ultimate residue after human purposes, desires, emotions, ideas and ideals have been systematically excluded. A social "fact," on the other hand, is a concretion in external form of precisely these human factors.

An occurrence is a physical fact only when its constituents and their relations remain the same, irrespective of the human attitude toward them. A species of mosquitoes is the carrier of the germs of malaria, whether we like or dislike malaria. Drainage and oil-spraying to destroy mosquitoes is a social fact because their use depends upon human purpose and desire. A steam locomotive or a dynamo is a physical fact in its structure; it is a social fact when its existence depends upon the desire for rapid and cheap transportation and communication. The machine itself may be understood physically without reference to human aim and motive. But the railway or public-utility system cannot be understood without reference to human purposes and human consequences.

I may illustrate the present practice of slavishly following the technique of physical science and the uselessness of its results by the present zeal for "fact finding." Of course, one cannot think, understand and plan without a basis of fact, and since facts do not lie around in plain view, they have to be discovered. But for the most part, the data which now are so carefully sought and so elaborately scheduled are not social facts at all. For their connection with any system of human purposes and consequences, their bearing as means and as results upon human action, are left out of the picture. At best they are mere physical and external facts. They are unlike the facts of physical science, because the latter are found by methods which make their interrelations and their laws apparent, while the facts of social "fact finding" remain a miscellaneous pile of meaningless items. Since their connections with human wants and their effect on human values are neglected, there is nothing which binds them together into an intelligible whole.

It may be retorted that to connect facts with human desires and their effect upon human values is subjective and moral, and to an extent that makes it impossible to establish any conclusions upon an objective basis: that to attempt inference on this point would land us in a morass of speculative opinion. Suppose, for example, all the facts about the working of the prohibition law and its enforcement were much more completely known than they are; even so, to establish a connection between these facts and the human attitudes lying back of them would be a matter of guess work. As things stand, there is much force in the objection. But if made universal, it would overlook the possibility of another kind of situation.

Wherever purposes are employed deliberately and systematically for the sake of certain desired social results, there it is possible, within limits, to determine the connection between the human factor and the actual occurrence, and thus to get a complete social fact, namely, the actual external occurrence in its human relationships. Prohibition, whether noble or not, is not an experiment in any intelligent scientific sense of the term. For it was undertaken without the effort to obtain the conditions of control which are essential to any experimental determination of fact. The Five Year Plan of Russia, on the other hand, whether noble or the reverse, has many of the traits of a social experiment, for it is an attempt to obtain certain specified social results by the use of specified definite measures, exercised under conditions of considerable, if not complete, control.

The point I am making may be summed up by saying that it is a complete error to suppose that efforts at social control depend upon the prior existence of a social science. The reverse is the case. The building up of social science, that is, of a body of knowledge in which facts are ascertained in their significant relations, is dependent upon putting social planning into effect. It is at this point that the misconception about physical science, when it is taken as a model for social knowledge, is important. Physical science did not develop because inquirers piled up a mass of facts about observed phenomena. It came into being when men intentionally experimented, on the basis of ideas and hypotheses, with observed phenomena to modify them and disclose new observations. This process is self-corrective and self-developing. Imperfect and even wrong hypotheses, when *acted upon,* brought to light significant phenomena which made improved ideas and improved experimentations possible. The change from a passive and accumulative attitude into an active and productive one is the secret revealed by the progress of physical inquiry. Men obtained knowledge of natural energies by trying deliberately to control the conditions

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of their operation. The result was knowledge, and then control on a larger scale by the application of what was learned.

It is a commonplace of logical theory that laws are of the "if-then" type. *If* something occurs, then something else happens; if certain conditions exist, they are accompanied by certain other conditions. Such knowledge alone is knowledge of a fact in any intelligible sense of the word. Although we have to act in order to discover the conditions underlying the "if" in physical matters, yet the material constituting the "if" is there apart from our action; like the movements of sun and earth in an eclipse. But in social phenomena the relation is: "If we *do* something, something else will happen." The objective material constituting the "if" belongs to us, not to something wholly independent of us. We are concerned, not with a bare relation of cause and effect, but with one of means and consequences, that is, of causes deliberately used for the sake of producing certain effects. As far as we intentionally do and make, we shall know; as far as we "know" without making, our so-called knowledge is a miscellany, or at most antiquarian, and hence without relevance to future planning. Only the knowledge which is itself the fruit of a technology can breed further technology.

I want to make the same point with reference to social prediction. Here, too, the assumption is generally made that we must be able to predict before we can plan and control. Here again the reverse is the case. We can predict the occurrence of an eclipse precisely because we cannot control it. If we could control it, we could not predict, except contingently; just as we can predict a collision when we see two trains approaching on the same track—provided that a human being does not foresee the possibility and take measures to avert its happening. The other day I ran across a remark of Alexander Hamilton's to the effect that instead of awaiting an event to know what measures to take, we should take measures to bring the event to pass. And I would add that only then can we genuinely forecast the future in the world of social matters.

Empirical rule-of-thumb practices were the mothers of the arts. But the practices of the arts were in turn the source of science, when once the empirical methods were freed in imagination and used with some degree of freedom of experimentation. There cannot be a science of an art until the art has itself made some advance, and the significant development occurs when men intentionally try to use such art as they have already achieved in order to obtain results which they conceive to be desirable. If we have no social technique at all, it is impossible to bring planning and control into being. If we do have at hand a reasonable amount of technique, then it is by deliberately using what we have that we shall in the end develop a dependable body of social knowledge. If we want foresight, we shall not obtain it by any amount of fact finding so long as we disregard the human aims and desires producing the facts which we find. But if we decide upon what we want socially, what sort of social consequences we wish to occur, and then use whatever means we possess to effect these intended consequences, we shall find the road that leads to foresight. Forethought and planning must come before foresight.

I am not arguing here for the desirability of social planning and control. That is another question. Those who are satisfied with present conditions and who are hopeful of turning them to account for personal profit and power will answer it in the negative. What I am saying is that if we want something to which the name "social science" may be given, there is only one way to go about it, namely, by entering upon the path of social planning and control. Observing, collecting, recording and filing tomes of social phenomena without deliberately trying to do something to bring a desired state of society into existence only encourages a conflict of opinion and dogma in their interpretation. If the social situation out of which these facts emerge is itself confused and chaotic because it expresses socially unregulated purpose and haphazard private intent, the facts themselves will be confused, and we shall add only intellectual confusion to practical disorder. When we deliberately employ whatever skill we possess in order to serve the ends which we desire, we shall begin to attain a measure of at least intellectual order and understanding. And if past history teaches anything, it is that with intellectual order we have the surest possible promise of advancement to practical order.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Hurricane

Lo, Lord, Thou ridest!
Lord, Lord, Thy swifting heart

Nought stayeth, nought now bideth
But's smithereened apart!

Ay! Scripture flee'th stone!
Milk-bright, Thy chisel wind

Rescindeth flesh from bone
To quivering whittlings thinned—

Swept, whistling straw! Battered,
Lord, e'en boulders now outleap

Rock sockets, levin-lathered!
Nor, Lord, may worm outdeep

Thy drum's gambade, its plunge abscond!
Lord God, while summits crashing

Whip sea-kelp screaming on blond
Sky-seethe, dense heaven dashing—

Thou ridest to the door, Lord!
Thou bidest wall nor floor, Lord!

HART CRANE.

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On Strike

DAWN HAD hardly broken when the picket line formed at No. 4 mine of the Vesta Coal Company, subsidiary of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company, toughest anti-union organization in Pennsylvania. For three weeks now, at four in the morning, the strikers and their wives have been picketing—2,600 out of 3,000 are on strike. The air is cold and damp—the pickets shiver in their ragged clothing as they tramp up and down the highway, under the scowling glances of coal-and-iron police and state "Cossacks." The police are hefty, well fed; the pickets are wan and worn; they have had no breakfast and for weeks their main diet has been coffee and bread. At the head of the line, almost lost to sight in the morning gloom, an American flag strains at the pole. Across the road from us, nailed on the company barricade, is a sheriff's proclamation forbidding three or more people to gather in or about the property of the Vesta Coal Company.

At four-thirty the mine siren blows—three throaty blasts which echoed in the surrounding hills like the howl of a mad beast—summoning the scabs to work.

All around the mine and the company town or "patch" is a wooden barricade, topped with barbed wire. Inside the patch an armed guard is on duty, allowing no one in or out of the village without a pass from the company. We see him walking about, twirling a long club, his other hand on his holster.

The picket line increases, marching silently up and down the highway. Three mounted state troopers ride up, equipped with clubs, revolvers, rifles, tear gas. A carload of deputy sheriffs is emptied. They come out on the highway, feeling their guns, ridiculing the pickets. With them is District President Fagan of the United Mine Workers. He crosses the road and joins the coal-and-iron police, where he stays until the picket line disbands.

Already, across the bridge which connects the mine and the patch, strike-breakers are creeping stealthily into the mine. They are crouched almost double as they pass over the picket line below them. A picket sees one of them peering through a crack in the bridge side. "Come down, please, broder, fight against starvation!" The man picks up his bucket and hurries into the mine. Others follow him. The pickets shout to them. "Come down, please, join de picket line! . . . Don't be the bosses' tools any longer. Join the strike! . . . Come on, don't be against the workingman!"

A state trooper, hand on club, canters out to the road, rides down by the picket line, silent once more. The coal-and-iron police grasp their clubs and look uneasily in our direction. "If you guys weren't here, how they'd clean us up!" the picket captain says. The line of strikers is increasing. . . .

A miner, dressed for work, joins the line. How he evaded the company guards is a mystery. More and more men are stealing over the bridge. "I don't see why they go to work," a picket says. "They don't get anythin' for it. They might's well starve strikin' as starve workin'."

In the picket line is a fat little woman with a baby at her breast, and holding another by the hand. She hurls defiance at the strike-breakers, the deputies, the coal-and-iron police. "Even though I'm starvin' I'm proud o' myself," she shouts. "I didn't kill nobody. I don't intend to kill nobody. I'm tryin' to raise my children in a decent way an' I get starved for doin' it." A state trooper rides out on the line but the shouting increases as men are seen hurrying over the bridge.

"Don't scab!"

"Come on, broder, join de strike!"

"Come on down, join the union!"

"Fight against starvation!"

"Don't scab!"

The siren blows again—one piercing blast to start the day's work. Four hundred men have gone in—but four hundred can't run a mine where three thousand are needed! "If we can only get relief to hold out another couple o' months, we'll win the strike," the picket captain tells us.

The little woman has the last word as the line marches to disband. "I'm American born and proud of it. I've got as much right to live as anybody!" The police laugh at her. She shouts at them, "God'll punish you if we don't. An' there is a God, too, don't forget that! We ain't Bullshevik. We believe in God more'n you do!"

Arnold City. Hidden away in the coal country, isolated from bus or street car or railroad. Owned and controlled by the Mellons' Pittsburgh Coal Company, whose notices, plastered on every available post, inform us that we can be sent to prison for being there without permission of the company!

Here Mike Phillipovich, storekeeper, was killed and four strikers were seriously wounded when company deputies fired into a group of them gathered in front of the store, on the order of the mine superintendent to "Shoot the bastards!" On the wall before which Phillipovich had been standing we counted fourteen bullet holes. "The deputies were told to shoot him," strikers told us. "He was too active in helping us win this strike."

The widow, his second wife, is a girl in her early twenties. She has been stunned by the shooting of her husband. Though she herself is to become a mother in a few months she now has to take care

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of the five children Phillipovich had by his first wife. They are all young—ten, eight, six, three and two years old. An independent storekeeper in the mine fields earns a poor living, and so the children have but little clothing, neither shoes nor stockings. The basement of the building is still being used as a relief station for the strikers, but the young widow does not know whether she will reopen the store. If she does, it will mean but little—the miners have no money and she must sell them goods on credit. And credit will not feed or clothe her children.

Wildwood. In front of us the giant enclosed tipple of the Butler Consolidated Coal Company, one of the largest mechanized mines in the world. My companion turned to me, "This mine is so mechanized that . . ."

"Come on, git the hell out!" A deputy, as hard-boiled a man as I have ever seen, stood looking in on us, his hand on his revolver.

"But——" my companion endeavored to protest.

"Don't talk back. Git goin' or I'll run yuh in." His voice was hard. We noticed about a dozen deputies watching us as we drove away.

Ten minutes later we were back. We had just had time to snap a picture when two deputies, their hands on their guns, ran up to us.

"Thought I told yuh guys to git out!"

"What's against our being here?"

"An injunction's against your bein' here, see! Injunction says yuh ain't got no right to stop anywhere near here. An' if yuh don't draw out damn quick we'll put yuh in jail. Come on now, git out." His eyes gleamed cruelly as my friend argued. He fidgeted with his gun. The other deputy pushed in, scowling, also grasping his gun. "Git goin'." We went.

It was here that these same deputies, with a dozen others, fired pointblank into a crowd of pickets and killed one and wounded eleven. The brutality which accompanied the shooting is almost unbelievable. Peter Zigarec, the man who was killed, was left writhing in agony in the road while Frank Butler of The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette vainly appealed to deputies to aid the dying man. They even refused to give him water! A striker, shot in the head, was dragged into a house by a comrade and immediately a deputy threw a tear-gas bomb into the room where the wounded man lay. Strikers who tried to crawl for cover after the first volley were ruthlessly shot down.

Not until fifteen minutes after the fighting had died down were any steps taken to collect the wounded and send them to the hospital. And then it was left to newspapermen to get the bleeding strikers into a coal dump truck and send them to the hospital by that method. Peter Zigarec died on the way. . . .

ROBERT L. CRUDEN.

Tennessee Agrarians

COUSIN Charles lives with his daughter in a high compact old white brick house, against which iron stars and curlicues show black. People are received in one of the high rectangular rooms of equal size on either side of a central hallway. A bright fire of big coal is burning in a wire-screened grate. Cousin Charles's daughter serves rich fruit-cake and clear thin agreeable wine.

Cousin Charles is a tobacco-planter and has fifty niggers on his place. He is lean, bald, distinguished and sallow, with the combined pride of the Southern landowner, the man cleverer than his fellows and the scholar. When he laughs or makes a point, he creases slanting eyes.

Cousin Charles's feeling about the depression is that it serves the "industrialists" right. He pointed out in a magazine article seven years ago that the present trouble with the country was that the cities were getting overgrown—Megalopolis, as Spengler calls it. Strange that it should have been left for a German to diagnose our American disease. But the effect of the depression should be salutary, because it ought to make the government get rid of the high tariff and send people back to the land. There's always a living on a farm—and he himself has been a dirt farmer, not a white-collar farmer.

Cousin Charles has a passion for the classics—disputes over Origen and Josephus with a clergyman brother, has had a schoolhouse built on his estate so that he can instruct the neighbors' children in the humanities, for the sheer love of Greek, Latin and French, and he once invited a poor scholar from Nashville to come and stay at his house all winter "to help him with his syntax."

He talks about Woodrow Wilson's father, the dignitary of the Presbyterian Church, whom he had known when the latter was at Nashville. Dr. Wilson had been very much of a clergyman—but he remembered his telling an amusing story about one of the women in his congregation who had expostulated with him, saying: "You can take away the doctrine of the Redemption and you can take away Absolution—but you must leave me Total Depravity!" So that one knew that he was human, though professionally a theologian—like the Roman augurs in Cicero, who couldn't look at each other without smiling.—Woodrow Wilson was a good deal like Cicero—most eloquent as far as his words went, but ineffective when it came to action. He had been a very strange man—"I expect you would have to

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look for his complexes."—"Yet his state papers were written in a more classical style than those of any other President." (As one listens to Cousin Charles one wonders whether it may not be true, as has been suggested, that Wilson's antagonism to big business was the result of his upbringing in the agrarian South: this would account partly for his vagueness about the industrial world, his apparent belief in the possibility of preaching its evils away. The truth was, perhaps, that it was never quite real to him—as it never seems quite real to the old-fashioned Southerners who have stuck to their land: in this connection, they are all a little vague.) Cousin Charles believes that Mr. Smith would have made a better President than Mr. Hoover—he had at least common sense.

Cousin Charles raises black tobacco, which, unlike the milder kind, has to be cured in a barn. Inside, just in front of the doorway, a nigger wench is sitting on the floor: dressed in up-to-date clothes, she stares into the glowing red core of a writhen cypress log, not precisely sullen, but paying no attention to people who enter. Overhead, the big barn, dense with fragrance, loses itself among rich shadows of crossrafters, from which brown wrinkled tobacco-bunches hang. Niggers are breaking off the stalks of the leaves and binding the stems of each bunch with a leaf. The leaves look like unexpanded moth's-wings, still shriveled inside the cocoon. A boy shows you how resilient they are: if you bend one up, it bends back again—the livest plant there is.

Black tobacco is terribly strong and finds its market mostly in Italy. This market has lately suffered from the high tariff—the Italians have undertaken reprisals. Not only this, but the tobacco-planters get swindled by the outside buyers to whom, according to immemorial custom, they auction their tobacco off. If they could only get together, they could fix prices; but the planters have always been individualistic. It was their inability to work together, the younger generation will tell you, which kept them from winning the Civil War.

Cousin Charles takes politics seriously, as Jefferson and Wilson did. He writes long and well reasoned letters to the papers—still a citizen of the landowners' democracy, where every citizen has his responsibility and where, in spite of the Civil War, one may expect to be represented by the government.

As the visitors are going, he apologizes for having let himself run on at such length. "You know the saying, *Indulge pueris,*" he says in parting, as he closes the Buick door on the guests. "Perhaps we may make it, *Indulge senibus.*"

The younger generation at Nashville who share Cousin Charles's tastes are less firmly attached to the land. Subtle philosophers, brilliant poets, who interpenetrate their poetry with philosophy, the pupils many of them of John Crowe Ransom of Vanderbilt University, whom they still tend to gravitate around, they have gone off to Oxford, to Paris and to New York. But the children of a more organic community than most of the Americans in those cities, the products of a classical education, they come back to marry girls at home, to renovate family mansions, to do some farming with the aid of a share-cropper, to write books about the Civil War. When they went away, they may have been impatient with that eighteenth-century world, forever feeding itself on its past. They had become aware that the centers of activity had shifted away from the South, and they had felt themselves by right of inheritance citizens of the world. But after inhabiting dark basements in Greenwich Village, floating with the drift of the Paris cafés, they have ended by finding this life expensive and most uncomfortable and by forming unflattering judgments of the manners and the intellectual standards of the contemporary American intelligentsia. They think tenderly of the South again.

Now they blame the ills of industrialized America on the defeat of the Confederacy in the War. If only New Orleans, instead of New York, were the chief port of the United States! They write biographies of the generals and statesmen of 1861, rescuing their memories from the disparagement or calumny of the historians of the Union side, trying to fix the responsibility for their failure. If only General Bragg, for example, hadn't let the Confederates down, the bourgeoisie might never have triumphed! And as lacking in a common ideal or religion as their compatriots of Paris and New York, they try to make one of ancestor worship. They revive the old myths of the family, sustain themselves with the bravery of their fathers. And they find at last a common cause and purpose in agitation against capitalists, largely Northern, who are bringing the textile and other industries to the South. They publish a symposium, declaring their loyalty to "agrarianism," their repudiation of "industrialism"; and they hold a debate, attended by thousands, at Richmond, to discuss whether or not manufacturing should be encouraged in the South.

Alas! they are trying to lock the stable door after the colt has gotten away. The fierce battles of a new civil war—Gastonia, Elizabethton, Marion, Danville—are already being fought on their ground. They can no longer hope to exorcise it.

But in the meantime they can enjoy certain advantages. To the Northerner, the horror of slavery still poisons the idea of that feudal society over which so much sentimentality has been diffused. But the feudal system had its positive merits compared to our capitalist one. Of the monstrous mutilation of human relations upon which the slave-holding society was based, the Southern novelist George W. Cable has written a history which makes "Uncle Tom's Cabin" look like a Sunday-school parable. That denial was impossible and could not continue. But while the situation to which it was necessary lasted, even the master who worked his slaves to death or flogged

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them to death had perhaps a certain moral advantage over the capitalist manufacturer or speculator. The planter knew at least what he was doing and did not pretend to be doing anything else. He accepted the implications of his acts—that was all the blacks were good for. And if he were a decent person, living as he did at close quarters with his slaves, he had to learn to get along with them as people. To this day, the relations in the South between the landowning gentry and the Negroes are more intimate and, in a sense, more human than the relations between the mill-owner and the workers in his factory.

It shocks the Northerner to hear the Southerner speak frankly of the Negroes as an inferior race for whom political or social equality is unthinkable. But the position of the Northerner himself depends upon human exploitation. He may, it is true, be entirely unaware of it, not know who makes the clothes he wears, prepares the food he eats, digs the fuel that heats him or pours the steel for the building he lives in—he may not even know where the money comes from that enables him to buy all these things; but though his consciousness may be more innocent, he is none the better off for that. And the Southerner on his side becomes suspicious of the Northerner's principles and pretensions—smelling hypocrisy in his humane anxieties, mania in his moral idealism, and in his eternal insistence on "service" a compensation for the savageries of a society predatory and egoistic in the extreme.

This is one of the things that rankles with the Southerner—and who can blame him! He feels that there is something about which he is right where the kind of life which has made his obsolete is wrong.

The processes which divorce so completely the people who live on dividends from the people whose labor makes dividends possible are only one feature of the vast system of abstraction which dominates the industrial world. This abstraction has its grandeur, its nobility: it represents the triumph of certain of the faculties of mankind. And we must depend upon the exercise of these faculties—the development of mechanical techniques, the rigorous impartial ordering of activities—to save us. Engineers with scientific imagination, statesmen cold with principle, will be able to do what jealous country squires, loyal only to their little localities and competing with each other, could never do. But who will pretend that our technical abstraction has so far produced human beings either amiable or appetizing? The deadening of feeling, the social insulation, which impoverishes life in industrial communities has not yet infected the Southern agrarians. They are affected to some degree like all the rest of us by the social shifts and transpositions of the time, but relatively it may be said that among them men and women still meet as men and women; kin, as they say, meet as kin; friends meet as friends; and master and servant are still master and servant. And those who still have gardens there to cultivate are certainly not the least lucky among us if they are content to cultivate them.

EDMUND WILSON.

Notes on Fascism in Italy: II

CENSORSHIP

ONE OF the most difficult Fascist pills for an American to swallow, no doubt, is the censorship. The newspapers in Italy are censored by the government, one's mail may be steamed open on occasion, books are blacklisted, the editorial comments must be along the lines approved by the Fascist regime, heavy penalties may strike offenders. This is one of the points most denounced by the exiles from Italy, the intellectuals especially. It is not congenial to any of us anywhere, of course, and even those Italians who endorse it for the present good of the State would not hope to have it with them forever. About this matter there are, nevertheless, two points for us to remember.

One is that we are by no means justified in setting up our own country as without censorship and thus as a tremendous contrast to Italy at present. In Italy the government takes a direct hand, censors, directs, approves; it may feed out ideas and theories and interpretations of history and world events, as well as encourage attention to the arts and cultural subjects and sports. But with us the censorship—except in the case of liquor and literature—is indirect. Unless it is endowed, no newspaper or journal could say certain things that—leaving out all question of policy, direction and subscribers—would pass the bounds of irritation among the advertisers; these money forces would soon be heard from, and the little thinker putting out the offending ideas would hear from the editor and the owner of the paper. Everybody has heard the extent to which, not very long ago, the Christian Scientists went in order to shut up the Dakin book on Mrs. Eddy, and of their threats against the publisher, their proposed boycott of smaller bookshops that handled the book, and so on.

There is no need to pursue the point; we have endless censorships that touch education, ideas, art, scientific and economic teaching. They are censorships that work thoroughly, as everyone but the most innocent knows. And there is another side of

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the matter that might be grouped with censoring. This is the feeding to the public through advertising, through press agents and through directly or indirectly paid-for articles, opinions often political and beneficial to a special party, or opinions beneficial to financial interests, to commerce in special directions, or conducive to a general state of mind in which certain organizations and social orders can best thrive. Waves of these published feedings can be detected, first one thing and then another, combined with ambition, sentiment, snobbish threats, middle-class ridicule—all the familiar farrago. The public with us in America was long since sold out; it is now a large, volatile child, credulous of anything in print, anxious to be in the swim. We have, then, on the one hand this flattering method by which the mass is made to think as it is wished to think, and at the same time is given the illusion that it has a brain and is arriving at its own conclusions; and, on the other hand, the open Fascist method of dictation; you can take your choice according to your nature. If I must choose, I naturally prefer our own state of things, poor as it is; but that has little to do with the argument.

The other point is that Fascism is busy creating a nation out of what has never been a nation but a group of kingdoms and provinces that only a few decades ago were combined into one government. What means are justified to this Fascist end remains to be seen. Censorship exists more or less in every form of government; it is only a question of degree. We may decide what we like about the censor in Italy so long as we do not assume a clean slate anywhere else.

Concerning ourselves when confronted with some instance of the Italian censorship, I am sure that our reaction is often due only to the technique of its statement. For example, we may shudder with intellectual horror to hear that "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," one of the world's best moving pictures, was forbidden in Italy, as bad for the public mind. A certain book was too critical of Italy's war career. And so on and so on. Now, in these cases, where we pronounced upon them, the tone, the noise, the simplicity, of the explanation was the thing most wrong. The Italians should study us Anglo-Saxons, study those quiet English censorings. I have been told that the films of Soviet Russia are not to be seen in England, but I cannot speak for that, and nobody shudders over it. I do know, however, that Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," was forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain, who is some simple army personage, they say. "Young Woodley" could not be produced, nor could "The Green Pastures." But all done so quietly, and such gentle reasons given, the unhealthy in art, God portrayed on the stage, the slander of the public schools! In America we scarcely notice British censorship; it has our inherited moral tang. And we had our own little domestic way once of blocking Gorky's reception and lectures here, when he came with his mistress along; and of breaking up the tour of Isadora Duncan, married to a Russian of the dreaded politics, when she came for the last time to dance in America.

Italian Prose

Manzoni, the only great novelist claimed for Italy, went down to Tuscany, it seems, and worked twenty years acquiring a style in pure Italian, and then gave "I Promessi Sposi" to the world. But in general we might say that the Italians have no prose. There are Leopardi's letters and certain writings here and there by diverse authors; but a continuous prose, which implies a medium in the language adapted to one's daily purposes, there is not. We do not find, accordingly, that mass of diaries, journals, memoirs, domestic novels and similar literature, familiar, close, easy and social, that we find in English and even more in French. No settled, ready-to-hand language lies waiting for the Italian's use. The result is that when he writes, even a letter or a plain article or essay, he is either styleless or else he suddenly finds himself lifted into the golden realms; he begins flowers and soaring before he knows it.

It is not as if the Italians were a silly people; they have an ancient, natural and often cynical sanity, they have long labor, energy, patience and a sort of splendor of perception. But prose that is plain as poultry, or that is a perfect social currency, or that is evenly adjusted, distinguished without being rich and high, or pedestrian, or secure and on the daily level, they have not. This fact is not without its implications with regard to the character of the Italian. It indicates the lines along which he is likely to be interested, and to some extent it indicates his powers of plain attention to plain things. It implies one of the subtlest comments on the problem before the Fascist regime.

The Dialects

When the soldiers and colonists sent out from Rome arrived at their due provinces and far-off stations, they found in each place its own tribe or clan or local settlement, speaking its own language or its own dialect of a language. With these local dialects and languages the Low Latin was combined; and from that process the Italian dialects today derive. At the court of the Sicilian kings in the eleventh century three tongues were spoken, Greek, Latin and Arabic; and the Latin passed at length into the first literary Italian, preceding thus the later development farther north in Tuscany. Dante and other Tuscan writers established their dialect as the standard Italian. Everybody knows this, and everybody knows that in various places in Italy various dialects persist and are used among the people. Most people are apt to think, however, that the term implies only what we mean in this country when we say the Down East, the Southern, the Western dialects, which for the most part

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consist of mere differences in tone and pronunciation. They think also of such places as Naples, Genoa, Sicily and some few others as the spots where the differences occur. This is wholly misleading. How many dialects there are in Italy I do not know, nor need we try to determine here the exact line at which the degree of difference makes one town's speech a separate dialect from another's. What happens is that place after place, province after province, in Italy has its own dialect. Everyone who can read understands the standard tongue. But if, for example, you talk Bolognese, a Florentine could not understand you; neither the Florentine nor the man from Bologna could understand pure Piedmontese. Even at the two ends of the city itself there are differences within the Bologna dialect. Milan has a dialect, Genoa has one, Rome, Cremona, Bari, Bergamo and scores of other cities, towns and even villages. There are Romagnuolo, Calabrese, Neapolitan, Abruzzese, Venetian and many others, as many as there are provinces. A dialect may be so different as to be incomprehensible to an outsider; or it may differ in various words and in the forms of the standard words. The word for wine, *vino,* will be in one dialect the standard word, in another, *vin,* in another *bin,* or *vi* or even *i.* This is not a discussion of dialects, however; I must stay only to point out that Italians from top to bottom, beggar to prince, know and love their dialects. One's dialect is spoken in the family and among one's friends from home; the highest nobility prefer to retain the dialect one is born to; and often in the most cultured Italian a tone, an ending, a word from the speaker's own province will be present. Most of the dialects have their own literatures, good or bad. I was told that in some districts even the schools were beginning to encourage the local dialect, but for this I have no authority.

The fact of these dialects, so preserved and used, is an indication of one of the subtleties of the Italian nature that foreigners nearly always fail to see. On the surface Italians are sensitive and responsive; they are not huffy, egotistical or uselessly antagonistic to new ideas, new social practices, new movements and interests. You might easily conclude that they are animated, childlike and volatile.

As a matter of fact, compared to Italians, we Americans, swept every little while by some fresh fad and rushing into some new scheme of life or social habit, are volatility itself. We quickly go through one phase after another: bicycles that crowd the road for a season are forgotten the next, or the strict family scheme is lost in a flutter of theories about love, individual rights, youth, divorce, freedom. In Italy there are waves of influence, vogues, movements. The wind of time and change and systems plays over the surface like the waves in a field of wheat; Italians are affable, entertained with ideas, lighted with the passions of theory and theses; but their roots run deep into an ancient earth. They remain in their place, and only slowly comes any profound racial distraction and unsettlement. A kind of cynical, plain, natural, almost biological good sense, an old earth knowledge and animal, sound continuity, lie under that responsive surface of theirs. Time has reminded them of what in human life is basic and permanent. Thus, the government's problem of shaking them up and leading them toward a certain new national unity of principle and policy is, therefore, easier than it would be in most countries and at the same time deeper and far more elusive and difficult.

In one more set of notes I want to speak of Italian Catholicism, the Church and State and finally, of the outside estimates as to how long Fascism may hope to last. STARK YOUNG.

The Art of Hitch-hiking

WITH THE return of summer, that curious American phenomenon, the hitch-hiker, has reappeared on all the automobile highways of the United States. Automobile clubs warn their members not to pick up pedestrians who wave hopefully from the roadside; state legislatures pass laws against requesting rides from unknown motorists; drivers exchange anecdotes of hold-ups when they meet in tourist camps and hotels, and explain that they never pick anybody up; and the hitch-hikers go right on riding wherever they want to go in spite of all the chatter.

Any experienced hiker can travel three hundred miles a day in the West or two hundred and fifty miles a day in the East, if he stays on the main highways and avoids walking through the suburbs of the big cities. That is rather better time than is made by the average automobile tourist, but the hiker is not wearied by continuous driving and does not have to wait for repairs to tires or engine. If he grows tired of riding he can always get out and walk for a few miles, and if the driver is slow or has engine trouble, he can leave him at the next crossroads and wait for a faster machine.

Unless he wants to get out of a city, or remote country with little traveled roads, the hiker who wishes to reach his destination quickly should never allow a truck or slowly driven car to pick him up. It is always worth walking for a while until the really fast conveyance appears. For in these days when all the world is on wheels, the greatest menace to the hiker is the snail who crawls along at

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twenty miles an hour, or the local salesman who makes frequent stops en route and is so pleased with the idea that he is saving his passenger from trudging along the dusty road that it would be unkind to explain that he is really impeding progress.

The most essential part of a hitch-hiker's equipment is a razor, toothbrush and soap. In order to get lifts, it is absolutely necessary to keep shaved and clean. And nothing is easier, for no farmer or filling-station proprietor will refuse the use of a water faucet or washbowl and pitcher. It may not be possible to bathe every day, but there are so many rivers and lakes throughout the country that one seldom travels for more than two days without finding a chance to swim. The man who lets his beard grow immediately begins to look tough, and motorists fear they may be slugged on the head if they give him a ride, or that he may be fleasome or lousy and leave some of his vermin in the car.

It is not wise, though many books recommend it, to carry a pack, for it creates the impression that you want to walk. If you carry a small and light suitcase, you not only look as if you were walking by accident rather than intent, but it also makes it appear that you are traveling a long distance and not just wanting a ride for a few blocks. Moreover, drivers are sorry for a man who has to lug a suitcase and there is something respectable about having baggage with you. Motorists often think you are a salesman who has got stranded and is headed for home.

In bandit country, such as the environs of Chicago, Toledo or Los Angeles, it is a good dodge to carry a fairly large book. Gunmen don't carry books and people who would fear a man empty-handed will feel safe if they see him reading. The rest of the equipment for comfortable road travel is simple: ordinary business clothes with a light raincoat, several shirts, suits of underwear, socks, handkerchiefs, a towel, toilet paper, shoe polish and rag, comb and a small clothes brush. To avoid being picked up by the police as a vagrant, especially in the South, it is well to carry identification papers of some knd. I have found a letter on official stationery from a Southern Senator wholly satisfactory in this respect.

With regard to selection of automobiles, it is best to choose one man driving alone: he drives faster than if he has company in the machine and is apt to be glad to have someone to talk to. Waving at drivers from the roadside is unnecessary and seldom brings results. The best technique is to walk along the right-hand side of the road with the suitcase in the left hand. When you hear a car about two hundred yards behind you, glance round and see if it is a machine you wish to ride in; if so, turn your head again when the car is about thirty yards behind you and catch the driver's eye as you step to the right to get out of his way. If he is the kind of man that picks people up, he will stop and ask if you want to ride. As you thank him with appropriate surprise at his kindness, he will probably ask why you didn't signal him. He has no idea that you were really asking him to stop and you are in the advantageous position of accepting overtures rather than making them. Never expect a woman driver to give you a lift: it may lead to complications of various kinds, as well as increasing the probability of your getting into a wreck, alleged statistics to the contrary notwithstanding. During week-ends, nearly all the cars have families in them, and as most of them are only going short distances, it is advisable to arrange your schedule so that you don't have to travel on Sundays.

The last time I traveled in this manner from coast to coast, it took twelve and a half days to cover a route of nearly four thousand miles. I wished to see one or two people on the way, so I left the Santa Fe Trail at Trinidad, Colorado, and rode north through Denver, Chicago, Fort Wayne, Cleveland and the Susquehanna River Valley. The trip cost just $17.63, mostly for food, though the unnecessary extravagance of a phone call from Chicago to New York is included in that modest budget. In order to travel so inexpensively, one must sleep out of doors whenever it is not raining. Anyone who finds it difficult to sleep on the ground need only walk fast for two or three hours before lying down for the night and he will be astonished how quickly he falls asleep. If the night is cold, there are few places where it is difficult to gather material for a fire. In the West, the highways usually run parallel with the railroads and piles of old ties will be found at regular intervals along the tracks. Nothing makes a better fire than railroad ties laid like a capital A, and they are thick enough to last till morning. There is something about sleeping on the earth which is more refreshing than sleeping in a bed, so that one awakens at sunrise filled with new life, although in the city it is often difficult to rise before ten o'clock.

Most people intending to camp out will start by carrying cooking utensils, a blanket and other unnecessary junk. Every pound of extra weight decreases the pleasure of walking; and the business of unloading baggage each time one enters a car outweighs all the comforts of a formal camping outfit. It is scarcely cheaper to cook than to eat at farms. If you feel you must eat by the fire at night, buy ready-cooked package foods. A blanket is useless if it rains and in fine weather a fire is better for warmth and comfort. However tightly a blanket is folded, it remains an infernally bulky nuisance the very appearance of which tends to discourage drivers from offering rides. On the deserts in the West never carry water. If you are scared of thirst, put a fresh lemon in your pocket before starting over the long dry stretches. No car will pass you up on the desert if you have no water. The hardest-boiled driver will enjoy saving the life of anyone so ignorant and innocent as to start walking over the sun-scorched desert trails without a flask.

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Always have cigarettes ready to offer the driver in return for his hospitality. It is pleasant to offer to pay for his lunch, though he will seldom permit it. Usually he will insist on paying for his passenger's midday meal or at worst agree to go dutch, but he appreciates the gesture, whatever the ultimate arrangements may be. Even more important is an adequate supply of matches. Somewhere in an inner pocket or the suitcase there should be an emergency reserve in a waterproof tin box. Nothing is more exasperating than to run out of matches on a cold night when there is fuel available for a fire. The next settlement may be miles away and you must either walk or shiver until morning unless some undeserved good fortune turns up in the form of a straw pile, barn, cabin or camp.

For those like myself who cannot afford an automobile, hitch-hiking offers the easiest and most economical means of transport between points anywhere in the United States. It is an excellent way to "See America First" and in its enforced contacts with drivers of all classes is highly educational. It involves none of the dirt, discomfort and danger of riding the rods or traveling "blind baggage," though it affords the same freedom of movement and irresponsibility as the life of a hobo in the Jack London epoch. It provides all the fascination of a game of chance in the uncertainty as to whether the next hitch will be four miles or four thousand (I once got a 4,000-mile hitch after sundown in a New Mexico pueblo). And it gives motorists the pleasant feeling of doing a kindness which costs little and serves to relieve the tedium of solitary driving.

HUGH HARDYMAN.

Washington Notes

Hoover Resurgent—Kansas versus Europe—Revolt in the West—Wheat-straws in the Wind—Democratic Chances

SO TENSE has been the situation in Europe and so overwhelming is the desire of the administration not to have the Hoover moratorium plan for debts and reparations prove futile in preventing the German crash that it has not been possible to arouse more than a half-hearted interest these last few weeks in any domestic matter. As I pointed out in this place some time ago, practically every public question and political issue not directly connected with the economic crisis abroad and Hoover's effort to save the situation has been obscured or submerged. Neither the tariff nor prohibition has been able to make the first pages, and foreign affairs have absorbed journalistic energy and newspaper space. From the political standpoint this has been distinctly beneficial to Hoover in some parts of the country. It not only has caused an almost complete cessation of the political attacks upon him by Democrats and progressives, but it has created the impression of White House leadership so conspicuously lacking these last two years.

Within the past few days, however, there have been some signs of the inevitable reaction from the extraordinary outburst of commendation of Hoover's plan. This was to have been expected under any circumstances, but it has been accentuated and accelerated by the flaming anger of the Kansas and Nebraska farmers against the Farm Board for its refusal to promise not to sell its wheat holdings at the present ruinous and ridiculous prices. When to the resentment of the wheat farmers is added the acute distress in Kansas caused by the practical suspension of the oil industry and the resulting increase in unemployment, a condition exists in these Western agricultural and oil-producing states which is politically significant and important. So far as the voters in this section are concerned, their minds are on their own misfortunes and moratoriums applying to European nations have only a slight academic interest. The fact is, I am told by the seasoned observers who make a business of checking up on these matters, that the interest in the moratorium decreases perceptibly as you go West. It is most intensely concentrated in the East, but west of Chicago the people are not diverted from domestic economic conditions. They were stirred for a few days, but the novelty of the situation has worn off. It has ceased to be exciting news, since the fear of a collapse is not so great.

This, I think, is entirely normal and checks up with the experience of most political writers who have "swung around the circle" in more than one campaign. It is easy to talk of the closeness with which the country is knit and the degree to which radio, telephone and telegraph have eliminated distance. Nevertheless, the fact is that the further west you go from Washington, the less news of Washington the newspapers print and the slighter the interest in national political affairs. It is sometimes amazing to an effete Easterner to find that stories of a sensational nature in Washington, which have been blazoned all over the first pages of New York and Philadelphia newspapers, have had no circulation at all west of Pittsburgh.

An excellent example of the apathy in some sections toward national politics was the case of the famous nap taken by the then Vice President, Charles Gates Dawes, which prevented him from breaking the tie vote in the Senate and caused the rejection of Mr. Coolidge's nominee for Attorney General, Charles Beecher Warren. So outstanding a feature of the news was Mr. Dawes' lapse that it is hard to believe there was a newspaper reader who missed it. Yet the fact is that west of Pittsburgh there were scores of newspapers which never printed a word about it. Nor were these newspapers all small ones—not by a long shot. One of them happens to be one of the largest and most important papers in the state of Ohio. It was an afternoon newspaper in a large city. The story came in too late for a regular edition. It did not seem to the editor sufficiently important to print the next day, and so it never was printed. In any event, it would have been given no such space or prominence as it received in the East. It is absurd to talk about the interests of the country being identical. The whole slant in the East is different from that of the West. It is a well known fact that in the East the important Cabinet officers are the Secretary of

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State and the Secretary of the Treasury; in the West far more concern is felt over the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture. That illustrates the difference as well as anything could.

The point of all this is simply that any political strength Mr. Hoover may derive from his moratorium gesture—and I think that, discouraging as things still look in Germany, he will derive some—will be in the East, not in the West. It is east of the Mississippi that the great financial institutions of the country are located and the great newspapers, which reflect their views, "serve" the people. To these, the foreign situation is of such tremendous concern that it has overshadowed nearly everything else and bids fair to continue to do so for months to come.

In the East Hoover's course seems much more noble and pregnant with the promise of prosperity than in the West. In the former section, for a time at least, it caused nearly all his previous ineptitudes to be forgotten and a feeling of friendliness for him, such as has been noticeably absent since the passage of the tariff bill, apparently returned. To a considerable extent this still remains—contingent, of course, upon favorable economic results from the moratorium, but lasting while there is hope. In the West, beyond a few days of excitement as to whether or not the miracle man was at last going to make good with the miracle, there was no real change in sentiment. Interest in the foreign situation has not been sustained, nor has it overshadowed local issues.

In that part of the country, if one is to judge by reports brought here by usually informed and reliable fellows, the anti-Hoover feeling is more intense than before. Certainly this is true of Kansas and Nebraska—two strong Republican states, neither of which has wavered in a national election, except in 1912. I have recently talked with both Democrats and Republicans from these states and the consensus is that were the election held now, nothing could keep both states from going Democratic. Furthermore, they say that the farmers out there are so mad at Hoover that it makes no difference who the Democratic nominee may be. Of course this resentment may abate—or even disappear—should the distress of the farmers be relieved through some miracle. I can even conceive of their turning to Hoover in 1932, as they did to Coolidge in 1924, when by every rule of logic and sense La Follette's candidacy should have appealed to them.

However, this time there will have to be a far bigger change in conditions to make them turn toward Hoover. Despite the optimistic words of the Honorable Alex Legge, late Chairman of the Board who has now returned to his $100,000 job in the Harvester Company, there are small signs of a change. And that the farmers at this time have turned away from Hoover, moratorium or no moratorium, is too plain to be disputed. Also the odds are that they will remain turned away, which fact, if it is pondered, should have some effect upon the deliberations of the Democrats during the convention. For one thing, it should make them careful not to pick a man whose record and type will make him so distasteful to the West as to offset the present unpopularity of Hoover in that section—a thing by no means impossible. To some, the moratorium plan and the new prominence of foreign affairs in the American political picture make the selection of such a man seem more likely than before. There are such men in the Democratic party—men who would turn the West back to Hoover more surely than a rise in the price of wheat. And it would not be unlike the present Democratic management to nominate just such a candidate.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Redefinitions

IN AN ESSAY, "Psychology and Form," published in The Dial some years ago, I developed the thesis that form in literature may be defined as the "arousing and fulfilment of desires." Thus: if the artist so arranges events A, B and C that the readers desire event D to follow, and if D does follow, this is form. Or again: if the artist, by writing in a certain manner, establishes a quality of expectation in the readers, leading the readers to require the continuation of this manner, his work contains form in so far as such expectations are gratified.

The present series of three short essays traces a few of the implications of this definition. Judging literature always from the standpoint of the effects which the artist intends to produce, it attempts to redefine, in terms of this approach, some current issues of criticism.

I

Hierarchy. Many aspects of a writer's merit, being wholly outside him, change independently of him (as is particularly the case with the changes in ideology and in the predominant aspects of a social situation). Every poem is, in a sense, an "occasional" poem—and it is somewhat a matter of accident whether the occasion for which the poem was written continues frequently to recur. (Or, for that matter, the situation for which a work is written may become more widespread at a later date than at the time of its production—in which case the work may seem to a later age more apropos than it did to its own. This eventuality likewise may be more to a writer's good fortune than to his credit.) In asking that literature produce one sort of effect rather than another, we should be asking that literature fit one sort of situation rather than another.

There are two general bases of critical exhortation. (1) We may have a concept of an ideal situation, and insist that literature be written in accordance with this ideal situation; or (2) we may have a concept of a contemporary situation, and insist that literature be written in accordance with this contemporary situation. The first method is absolutist: it seeks to determine once and for all what kind of literature is categorically superior to what other kinds of literature. The second method is relativistic, or historical: it holds that if literature is to be written for an ideal situation at a time when the actual situation is far from ideal, writers must sacrifice the appositeness of art in the interests of a purely academic concept of "perfection." The first method would decide *in absoluto* whether literature should provide bread or cake; the second method

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would have to say "sometimes bread—sometimes cake, according to the 'needs' at the particular moment." The second method may seem, on the face of it, more readily defensible—but it has difficulties of its own, and though all the absolutists were silenced, there would still be endless bickerings among the relativists, since a given situation can be interpreted in many ways, and thus may be shown to have diametrically opposite "needs." In one respect, however, the advocates of the second method now have the advantage: the advocates of the first method, while holding to the categorical superiority of some literature (as the Neo-Humanists), have yielded much to the ways of historical or relativistic thinking, and have sought to defend their brands of art, not solely in accordance with a concept of perfection, but also as being apposite to the contemporary scene. Yet a particular brand of art cannot be at once categorically superior and best fitted for all situations in history, since the situations in history change so greatly that, by being better fitted to deal with one, a brand of art would necessarily be worse fitted for dealing with others.

Thus, some absolutist critics, having hit upon a distinction between "yea-saying" and "nay-saying," ask that literature be not a protest, but an affirmation. But who says "yea" badly has nay-said—and one is almost certain to say "yea" badly if he and his contemporaries are living in a pigsty. In so far as we may look upon literature as an incipient form of action (in the pitting of some assumptions against others, the poet leaves us with an implied code of conduct), we might reasonably expect literature to say "yea" or "nay" purely in accordance with the kind of action demanded by the times. We do not categorically praise one remedy above another unless both are intended to cure the same illness in the same types of patient. And in so far as life is a solving of problems, to praise categorically a certain kind of solution (a certain brand of art) is to praise a method regardless of the problem (which would be like advocating the use of nothing but binomial equations, though the problem to be solved had no concern with binomial equations—nor is the analogy so far-fetched, as there are certain honest kinds of outcry to which the tests of "affirmation" are totally irrelevant).

The last decade has counted many attacks upon Rousseau. Rousseau's principles, according to his modern opponents, have led to vast absurdities. Let us, to simplify the issue, grant their contentions, though there are many who would attribute our difficulties to too little Rousseau rather than to too much. But even if we granted the contentions of his opponents, we should not overlook the fact that any principles can lead to vast absurdities, if only because principles persist and grow in popularity long after they have gained the end for which they were formulated. And in outlasting their original beneficent function, they take on a maleficent function, for instead of running counter to the situation which they were designed to correct, they may now be carrying to excess the situation which they served to bring about. Indeed, we might almost say that the predominance of a principle is *per se* evidence that this principle has outlived its usefulness; for by the time it has penetrated from the busy centers of thought to the sluggish periphery of mankind, the situation for which it was designed has certainly altered.

II

As for the "classic—romantic" dichotomy, and the many feuds arising from the attempt first to define the distinctions between them and then to extol one at the expense of the other, we might attempt a distinction of our own, based upon a slightly different definition of dualistic and monistic thinking. The classicists have, in general, praised dualistic thought, conceiving of the individual as the balancing of opposite principles, and they have accused the romantic of being monistic, or one-sided. They have pointed out that a monistic principle contains no basis of correction—that its "logical conclusion" is not distinguishable from its "reduction to absurdity." The romantic, however, can likewise lay claim to a dualistic system, having for opposites the principle which he stands for and the principle represented by the society against which he revolts. His "individualism" never for a moment permits him to forget the "enemy"—and indeed, to be effective, he must have a great understanding of the "enemy," must to an extent encompass the "enemy."

It seems that, at a time when many people are living dissatisfactorily, the romantic dualism (of "oneself against society") will be the more useful mode of correction (as one "establishes his equilibrium by leaning"). Classicism, however, would seem particularly useful at precisely that time when a monistic principle has come to have considerable weight against the "opposition" and is threatening to become the predominant influence in turn. At this point classicism might serve to hold the two principles in fusion, to prevent as long as possible either from gaining upon the other. Classicism might thus be called the flowering of a romantic excess. The nature of its insight is determined by the romantic emphases out of which it arises. When the battle has been fought, it can attempt to prolong the amenities of peace.

So much for the two under ideal conditions. Each can be misused. We can have classicists, extolling affirmation and poise, when a small class happens to be enjoying a privileged way of life out of which much order and charm can be extracted by the fortunate. We can have romantics, calling for rebellion, simply because their morbid vanity has been injured. The weaknesses of each position have been soundly attacked by the members of the other camp. But as for the entire picture of the two types (classic "repose" and romantic "disturbance"), we must realize that either represents a selection from the normal experiences of a day, which have both their classic and romantic aspects. "Poise" and "decorum" are as much an arbitrary simplification as "rebellion," and it is only by denying some aspects of our day that we could categorically rule out one style in favor of the other.

III

The quarrels as to the superiority of "objective" or "subjective" writing have similarly been conducted on a plane of absolutes which has disguised the nature of the artist's problems and opportunities. Art is naturally "objective" when there is a very definitely established ideology or code of values for him to exploit. If, in the society of his times (or in the class of society for which he writes),

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there are many implicit judgments, if there is a general agreement as to what is heroic, what cowardly, what irreligious, what boorish, what clever, etc.--the artist is able to affect his audience by endowing his characters with these various traits. Such a situation can easily make for the flowering of "objective" drama. The artist may without difficulty obtain the maximum of "impersonality." If he is at peace with the world, he may manipulate those aspects of the current ideology which make for comedy; if he is gloomy, he may exploit the implicit judgments of the day to produce tragedy; but beyond this, his personal bias need not intrude itself. Racine's prefaces illustrate to perfection the "objective" method of composition. They disclose how, using the contemporary ideology of vice and virtue, of nobility and disgrace, he would put a character together almost like mixing the ingredients in a cooking recipe, balancing vices and virtues, sympathetic and antipathetic traits, purely from the standpoint of the attitude which he intended to arouse in his audience.

This dramatic or objective situation is weakened in proportion as the ideology which the artist relies upon is weakened. And in time an ideology must weaken, either through processes of exhaustion, or through the encroachment of new material which the ideology cannot encompass. As this weakening progresses, the artist will necessarily become less "objective." On finding the ideology impaired, he will look for some other kind of certainty to take the place of it. He will search for something which is the equivalent in art to Descartes' *"cogito, ergo sum"* in metaphysics: he will, that is, tend to found his art upon an irreducible minimum of belief. This irreducible minimum is obviously his personal range of experiences, his own exaltations and depressions, his specific kinds of triumph and difficulty. Wherefore, he will tend to symbolize his particular "pattern of experience"—his art will become "subjective." Some critics will decry this development as a kind of self-indulgence on the part of the artist: but they might with equal justice salute the accuracy of the artist in making the change. In any event, the most vigorous and enterprising artists will be found to be the ones who have manifested this "subjective" tendency most thoroughly, while the hackmen, the Broadway playwrights and the writers of purely commercial fiction, will be found to rely greatly upon the remaining vestiges of the ideology. Often they use aspects of the idealogy which, though brought into confusion by new matter, still flourish in the "backwoods of the mind" not yet affected by the force of the new matter; and just as often they exploit certainties of the moment, as a financial panic, or a wave of patriotism in wartimes.

Thus, the literature of "personal complaint," of "confession," cannot be categorically extolled or deplored. It may indicate the most accurate grasp of a historical situation. And in one respect, since personal experiences are often more "typical," more likely to recur, than the particular combinations of an ideology, a "subjective" writer may be much more readily than an "objective" writer carried over from one cultural complex to another.

KENNETH BURKE.

In a second essay Mr. Burke will discuss the popular distinction between art and "life."—THE EDITORS.

TWO COMMUNICATIONS

The Instalment Debt and Business Revival

SIR: In an article entitled "What Delays Revival—The Effect of Instalment Buying on the Return of Prosperity" in The New Republic of June 10, Isador Lubin advances the theory that the weight of the existing "consumers' credit" is retarding and will retard the recovery of business from the present depression. He nowhere clearly defines the expression "consumers' credit," but the impression is conveyed by the subtitle of the article and by many of its passages that he has in mind chiefly, if not altogether, the debt owed by the American public for goods purchased on the instalment plan. The principal basis given for this proposition is the statement that "about $10,500,000,000 which has been borrowed for consumption purposes is now outstanding against the future wages and salaries of our working population." The author states that this estimate was given by Mr. Evans Clark in a recent issue of Nation's Business.

Consultation of the article by Evans Clark in the May issue of Nation's Business reveals that he attributed this estimate to Dr. Franklin W. Ryan. It appears, therefore, appropriate to go back to the original source, which is apparently an article entitled "Family Finance in the United States," by Franklin W. Ryan, printed in The Journal of Business of the University of Chicago for October, 1930. This article contains a tabulation reading as follows:

CURRENT FAMILY FINANCING IN THE UNITED STATES

Class of Indebtedness	*Total Amount Outstanding*
Open-account debts	$4,500,000,000
Instalment debts	2,500,000,000
Short-term cash credit	1,500,000,000
Life-insurance-policy loans	2,200,000,000
Total Current Family Debts	$10,700,000,000

It will be observed that less than one-quarter of the alleged total is attributed to instalment debts. This figure of two and one-half billions for outstanding instalment debts is pretty nearly right. That is to say, it is in accordance with the best estimates thus far available in this field.

The fourth item, "Life-insurance-policy loans," amounting to two and two-tenths billions of dollars, differs radically from most debts in that it does not ever have to be paid. It is not a genuine debt at all. It represents money which people have invested in insurance policies and which they have withdrawn from that investment. However much it may be regretted that people cash in on their life-insurance policies before maturity or death, it is evident that such borrowing cannot really be classed with other kinds of indebtedness. Surely it cannot be assumed that such borrowings were made for the purpose of paying for goods bought on instalments. It would be more reasonable to assume that the money was withdrawn for the purpose of buying goods for cash and thus avoiding the disadvantages of having to buy on instalments.

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The third item, "Short-term cash credit," amounting to one and one-half billions of dollars, represents the estimated borrowings of the public from a considerable variety of concerns which loan money in small amounts, such as Morris Plan Banks, chattel-loan companies and pawnbrokers. Practically none of these loans was incurred for the purpose of buying on the instalment plan, and undoubtedly only a small fraction of them for paying instalment debts.

Much the largest item in the table is the first one, "Open-account debts," amounting to four and one-half billions of dollars. This means debts owing by the people of the United States, not for instalment purchases, but for purchases of goods made on the open-credit-account plan. Certainly instalment buying cannot in any sense be blamed for the existence of this debt. The magnitude of the item seems astonishing, but a careful study of Dr. Ryan's analysis and other available data leads to the conclusion that it is very nearly correct, and that in consequence the debt owed by the public for goods bought on instalments is but little more than half of that owed on open charge accounts. Therefore, if the magnitude of consumer credit is a factor tending to delay the recovery of business from this depression, the largest share of the blame must be borne by the practice of buying on open charge account and not by that of purchasing goods on instalments.

Mr. Lubin falls into an error in the assumption that the ten and one-half billion consumer-credit debt is owed by what he refers to as "our working population" and "the consuming classes." These expressions are correct only if we admit that by each of them we mean the entire population of the United States. Certainly the open-charge-account item is to a considerable extent the obligation of the well-to-do and the wealthy, and even the instalment item is in the same class to a much larger extent than is commonly realized. This is shown by the fact that great numbers of Packards, Lincolns and Cadillacs, as well as Fords, Whippets and Chevrolets, are sold on the instalment plan.

Mr. Lubin states on excellent authority, that of the National Bureau of Economic Research, that the annual income from wages and salaries is $50,000,000,000. The $2,500,000,000 outstanding instalment debt is only 5 percent of that figure. However, it is entirely wrong to assume that all of it is owed by wage and salary earners. We should not forget that there are enormous numbers, probably millions, of store proprietors, small manufacturers and other people in business for themselves, in addition to some six millions of farmers, who owe a part of this instalment debt but who are neither wage nor salary earners. Thus it is certain that the outstanding instalment debt amounts to very much less than 5 percent of the annual income of the people who owe this debt.

According to Mr. Lubin, there exists a lien against the earnings of the wage and salaried classes amounting to between 25 and 30 percent of their annual income. On the contrary, the actual lien, if it can be called such, against these earnings, at least the lien chargeable to buying on the instalment plan, is considerably less than 5 percent. The assumption that this lien must be paid off before wages and salaries can again be devoted to purchasing consumable goods is entirely erroneous. As a matter of fact, the instalment debt which existed at the end of the boom year of 1929, a year in which no doubt many people did buy more than was really wise, has long since been paid off practically in its entirety. We still have an instalment debt, however, because people have been steadily buying on the instalment plan during the depression. Every bit of statistical evidence which we have indicates that the instalment-buying ratio, that is the ratio of goods bought on the instalment plan to total purchases, has remained almost precisely the same during the depression as it was previously. If the total instalment debt was two and one-half billions at the time of the stock-market break in October, 1929, it is probably in the neighborhood of two billions of dollars now, having decreased about in proportion to the reduction in total sales of the kinds of goods commonly sold on instalments. It is also probably increasing at the present time and may not for years to come go as low again as it has been recently.

It seems a logical conclusion that the instalment-buying ratio will remain about the same during the recovery as it has been during the depression and the preceding boom, and that instalment buying, therefore, will have little effect in hastening the return of business to normal activity.

Mr. Lubin admits that available data substantiate the assertion that there has been little or no increase in the percentage of delinquent or unpaid instalments, and that repossessions represent an insignificant proportion of the goods sold. That ought to be sufficient answer to his implication that a large part of the wage payments to be made in the near future are going to be seized by instalment collectors sitting on the doorsteps of the workers.

The net result of all this is that there is really no reason to believe that instalment buying has had or will have any marked effect either in delaying the revival of business or in accelerating it. On the other hand, it is clear that if instalment selling were to be shut off or drastically curtailed now, it would very greatly delay the recovery. In fact, it ought to be encouraged as much as is compatible with safe and sound credit practices.

MILAN V. AYRES.

New York City.

SIR: Mr. Ayres has apparently read into my article a degree of finality I did not mean it to contain. Aware of the innumerable factors which may determine the course of business activity, I purposely tried to avoid any implication of dogmatism in my argument. My primary purpose was to raise the question of the possible significance of consumers' credit in the present depression and I specifically stated that it is *"possible* that the outstanding indebtedness . . . *may* have an extremely important influence" on the length of the depression and the revival. And let me emphasize at this point that by the term "consumers' credit" I mean all forms of this type of credit and not, as Mr. Ayres implies, merely instalment credit. It is evident from the statistics used by Mr. Ayres that he also must have been aware of the fact that I had other forms of consumer indebtedness in mind.

The limitation of the space allowed for this reply makes it possible for me to present only a few facts in answer to Mr. Ayres' contentions. (1) A survey of the records of one of the largest of the small-loan companies reveals that

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85 percent of its customers used the funds they borrowed to pay off old debts. (2) Mr. Ayres must be cognizant of the fact that during the past ten years open charge accounts have in a large number of instances developed into nothing more than instalment accounts. Witness the widespread development of "budget plans" by the department and specialty stores throughout the country, and the amounts that are owed to small grocers and other shopkeepers, who in many cases have actually been financing the unemployed and the partially employed. (3) The records of numerous instalment houses give no evidence that the debt contracted during the industrial boom has in any sense "been paid off practically in its entirety." (4) Although the available data show little increase in the percentage of repossessions and instalment delinquencies, it is doubtful whether these data are of much significance in estimating the importance of consumer indebtedness on the future of industrial activity. The small percentage of repossessions is in part the result of the policy of many instalment firms not to repossess in cases of good customers who happen to be unemployed or on short time. The slight increase in delinquent instalments is to be explained in part by the renewal of the notes of the delinquent debtors—a practice which is not at all uncommon these days—and by the borrowing of funds from other agencies to meet instalment debts. What is happening, in fact, is that obligations to instalment firms are being shifted in part to other institutions, the net result being a mere transfer of indebtedness from one set of institutions to another.

Washington, D. C. ISADOR LUBIN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Marx and Darwinism

SIR: Professor R. M. Lovett's writings are usually so scholarly and judicious that I am surprised he has seen fit to base an argument against the Marxian philosophy on the following sentences which appear in his review of Norman Thomas' book in The New Republic of May 20:

> Socialism as propounded by Karl Marx was the result of the reading of the Darwinian hypothesis into social science. Indeed, the method of Marx bears a striking resemblance to that of Darwin in the wide observation of phenomena, the patient selection and assembly of data and the drawing of conclusions which seemed to express a fundamental determinism.

Since the fundamental idea here expressed is not only demonstrably false but also widely held, I think it important to enter a correction. To begin with, all of Marx's leading principles, the materialistic conception of history, the theory of the class struggle and the doctrine of surplus value, were formulated before 1859, in which year Darwin published his "Origin of Species." The class struggle and theory of history appear already in "Die Heilige Familie" (1844) and the "Communist Manifesto" (1847). They are given classic expression in the introduction to the "Critique of Political Economy" (1859), which also contains the beginning of a systematic analysis of the theory of value and surplus value begun as far back as 1849.

I shall not take the space necessary for an exhaustive analysis of the methodological relationship between Darwin and Marx. Instead I shall quote briefly from some letters by Marx in which he speaks of the attempt to introduce Darwinian concepts into social science, and add some comments of my own.

Marx read Darwin for the first time late in 1860. After the second reading he wrote to Engels (June 18, 1861):

> Darwin, whom I have just reread, amuses me when he says that he has applied the Malthusian theory to plants and animals *also*. As if the whole point in Malthus were not that the theory does *not* apply to plants and animals but—with its geometrical progression—only to men. It is remarkable the way in which Darwin rediscovers among beasts and plants English society with its division of labor, competition, opening of new markets, "inventions" and the Malthusian "struggle for existence." It is Hobbes' *bellum omnium contra omnes*, and reminds one of Hegel, who, in his "Phänomenologie," describes bourgeois society as "a human herd" *(geistiges Tierreich)*, while Darwin on the other hand describes the animal herd as bourgeois society.

Writing to Kugelmann (June 27, 1870), Marx complains bitterly against Lange's misinterpretation of his views as a form of social-Darwinism.

> Mr. Lange has made a great discovery. All history is to be subsumed under one great natural law. This natural law is the *phrase* (and in this connection the Darwinian expression is a mere phrase) "struggle for life" and its content is the Malthusian law of population, or, rather, overpopulation. Instead, therefore, of analyzing the "struggle for life" as it historically presents itself in various determinate forms of society, one has nothing to do but to turn every concrete struggle into the phrase "struggle for life" and translate the phrase into the Malthusian population fantasy.

Marx greeted Darwin's work enthusiastically not because it offered any insight into the nature of the historical process but, as other letters to Lasalle, Engels and Kugelmann show, because it provided the *naturalistic foundations* for the philosophy of dialectical materialism. In fact and in logic, Marx's dialectical method in history, economics, psychology and politics is derived (with modifications) from Hegel. And to an extent which few of his professed followers and professional critics suspect! Is it necessary to add that the heart of the whole Marxian philosophy lies in its method?

For purposes of exposition one might say that the logical role which the principle of the struggle for existence plays in Darwin's theory of the survival and evolution of species is the same as the role which the principle of the class struggle plays in Marx's theory of social development; and that biological variation accounts for the origin of species in the same way as technological variation accounts for the origin of new social systems. But this emphatically does not say that the class struggle is merely a natural struggle for existence or that technological variation is biological. . . .

The newer developments in biology, therefore, do not, as Professor Lovett and Norman Thomas claim, invalidate Marx's social theories. They have no more to do with the case than the newer developments in physics. I cannot help feeling that if Professor Lovett and Mr. Thomas realized this as well as the centrality of the dialectic method in Marx's thought, they would not be so ready to abandon him. In rejecting Marxism they are really rejecting the orthodox canonization of Marx as expressed in the interpretations of Kautsky, Hilferding and the official German Social-democracy. A study of the original sources, intellectual background and actual development of Marx's thought will help them to see that this interpretation is false to the spirit of his teachings. Prolonged study has convinced me that genuine Marxism is not a science of social evolution but a philosophy of social revolution; that it is not a dogmatic method of predicting history but a critical method of making it. I offer this hypothesis to those who will honestly go to Marx's own writings and not to those of the epigoni.

New York City. SIDNEY HOOK.

SIR: Mr. Hook quite properly calls attention to a loose use of Darwin's name in my review of Norman Thomas' "America's Way Out." Darwin's methods of investigation and, indeed, his results had been anticipated before the publication of the "Origin of Species" in 1859, which first brought him to the notice of Marx. They are characteristic of nineteenth-century thought as was Marx's own work. The parallel between the two is what I wished to emphasize, not the question of direct influence.

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I quite accept, of course, what Mr. Hook says about the relation of Marx to Hegel. I may add that I do not consider the newer developments in biology as invalidating Marx's social theories—nor, I think, does Mr. Thomas. They represent a new method of approach characteristic of our day. I subscribe heartily to Mr. Thomas' sentences: "I am . . . too keenly appreciative of the immense debt all socialists, indeed the whole world, owe Marx and his followers, to desire lightly to dismiss Marxism. I am less concerned with its truth in detail than with its adequacy to our times."

Chicago, Ill. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A Cry for Relief

SIR: On July 6, 23,000 coal miners in the Kanawha Valley of West Virginia came out on strike against starvation. Coal operators have repeatedly refused to meet the West Virginia Mine Workers in joint conference. As a result, 90,000 human beings, workers, their wives and children, are today crowded together in the bleak mining camps of West Virginia, putting up the fight of their lives in the lowest-paid mining area of the country. To their demand for decent conditions and a more tolerable existence, the coal operators have replied with wholesale evictions and the guns of private guards.

These are the days when miners' children follow their mothers about the kitchen asking for food—and there aren't any potatoes or flour in the house. The child who gets even canned milk is lucky. Not new conditions these, but ones which have existed for years, since the union was destroyed. Now the miners are seeking through their own endeavors to win freedom and a little happiness for themselves and their children. A strike means suffering, but there is no other way that they can win through to better days.

This is, therefore, a blunt, perhaps too blunt, request, to give and give hard. Your contributions will give these workers food and spirit to carry on their struggles. Make checks out to Forrest Bailey, Treasurer, and mail immediately to the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, Room 1001, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

NORMAN THOMAS, Chairman,
New York City. JOHN HERLING, Acting Secretary.

Mr. Chase Protests

SIR: Reading Wilford J. Eiteman's "Two Decades of Depression" with keen enjoyment, I was startled to find myself classed with Colonel Ayres, Dr. Julius Klein and The Wall Street Journal in the Happiness Chorus which declared in the fall of 1929 that the stock-market crash could not impair fundamental prosperity. Mr. Eiteman's words are: "Stuart Chase believed that 'the shrinkage is in paper prices and not in tangible goods and services.' He predicted 'three more years of prosperity before we enter the cyclical tailspin.'"

My first impulse was to cry "Touché"; but the quotation rang a little strange, and I turned to verify it in the one copy of "Prosperity: Fact or Myth" which I have not given away. I presently found not precisely these lines, but similar ones, under two different dates, and in contexts which Mr. Eiteman neglects.

I did indeed say, in a foreword written early in November, 1929, that the stock market's tumble was in paper values, not in physical goods; but I went on to say that "the facts before us indicate that business is slowing down, though not as yet below the level of what has been termed prosperity. . . . I would not be surprised if the cloud in Detroit grew larger. . . . Which means a motor-car consumption enormously reduced. Which means a blow to the heart of commercial prosperity." And I did say in the book itself: "Before we exhaust our adjectives on the brilliance of the present [prosperity] period, it is well to remember that it is number five, and has run with minor ups and downs not quite eight years. Based on the average past [the four previous periods of great prosperity] it has three more years to go before the tailspin. But I do not advise my readers to buy or sell stocks based on this calculation."

To use the above—written in the summer of 1929—as evidence that I predicted three more years of prosperity after the October crash is not a rapier touch; it is a sideswipe with a snickersnee.

Redding, Conn. STUART CHASE.

Liberalism at Pittsburgh

SIR: It is not out of any collegiate *Heimweh* that I write you. It is unfair to class the University of Pittsburgh with the University of Mississippi. It is unjust, moreover, to say that "no self-respecting college teacher will accept employment" there.

Until very recently I was a student there. You are wrong if you conceive the faculty as fear-stricken men who quake at each mention of the All-Right Administrators. There are men teaching there whose interests are keen and whose tongues are free. They speak out their ideas, no matter how radical, undisturbed.

I am not making out a case for the University of Pittsburgh as the best of all possible universities. Its faults are inherent in our educational system. Yet it is not a backward Southern school where History and Zoölogy begin with "Genesis" and the social sciences close with Hume.

The opposition the faculty encounters is not from the trustees. It is from the old men—can you find a college without them?—for whom Tennyson is still alive and to whom Karl Marx is a most immoral man; it is from the apathy of the students—can you find a college without that, too? It is wrong to bunch the idealess fogeys with the alert, keen young men and say: This is the University of Pittsburgh, "at the bottom of the list of American institutions of higher learning." It might be discouraging to the men who teach there, who, incidentally, are always surprised when papers tell them that they cannot say what they please in their classrooms.

New York City. D. DEDLARAS.

Training for Correctional Administrators

SIR: In the fall of the present year (1931) the Institute of Criminal Law of the Harvard Law School embarks on an important experiment.

Recognizing that the administration of penal and correctional institutions and the work of departments of probation, parole boards and other public and private agencies concerned with delinquency and crime are careers calling for specialized training, the Institute is establishing a two-year curriculum for that purpose. The curriculum consists of criminal law, criminal procedure and evidence, criminology and penology, various courses in the field of government, courses in the fields of sociology, social pathology and social ethics, anthropology, normal and abnormal psychology, psychopathology and mental hygiene, the measurement of intelligence, the philosophy and technique of social case work and the technique of social research.

The study program of each student will be individualized to take account of his educational experience.

The course is open to properly qualified college graduates. Provision is being made to enable students to obtain practical experience in courts, clinics, correctional institutions and parole boards during the summer.

The faculty consists of Dean Roscoe Pound, *ex officio*, Professor Francis B. Sayre, director of the Institute of Criminal Law; Professor Sam B. Warner and Professor Sheldon Glueck, representing the Law School; and a large staff of instructors offering pertinent courses in other departments of the University.

It is hoped that the heads of the more progressive correctional institutions, probation and parole offices and departments of correction throughout the country will coöperate in offering training facilities for our students and in placing graduates in positions affording an opportunity to contribute to the improvement of correctional work. It is also hoped that communities will recognize the basic importance of professionalized correctional work and will take steps to attract and hold well educated professional men.

College graduates interested in registering for the curriculum should communicate with the Director, Institute of Criminal Law, Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

SHELDON GLUECK, Acting Director,
Cambridge, Mass. Institute of Criminal Law.

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Philosophy Gone Broke

Living Philosophies, a series of intimate credos, by twenty-two modern thinkers. New York: Simon and Schuster. 334 pages. $2.50.

SOME TIME ago Mr. H. G. Wells gave an interview in which he was quoted as saying that science provided an escape from philosophy and religion. Philosophy and theology, he explained, will ultimately be given up, being replaced by science, "which is a legitimate field of inquiry for essentially practical minds." The present collection of twenty-two "intimate credos" testifies to the popular use of science as an escape from philosophic problems. More than a third of the contributors are professional scientists, and most of the others—the political theorists, divines, philosophers and men of letters—indicate that they have obeyed the message of the laboratory with more eagerness than discretion. Having been trained all their lives to avoid philosophic inquiry in the name of science, they show the result in their personal philosophies.

Among the contributions of the scientists themselves, Albert Einstein's essay stands out for its simple modesty and sincerity. He pleads for democracy, peace and "cosmic religion." He makes no attempt to demonstrate his beliefs or to elaborate their systematic implications, but his ideas command respect, not because of his scientific fame, but because they bear the evidence of a sensitive heart.

The other scientists do not come off so well. Thus, Professor Millikan gives us ponderous platitudes on the reconciliation of science and religion, including the statement that about 95 percent of the altruistic, humanitarian and forward-looking work "has come and is coming, directly or indirectly, from the influence of organized religion in the United States." Sir James Jeans begins his credo with the profound affirmation that as a scientist he is apt "to see human life as a chain of causes and effects; the life of tomorrow will be what we make it today." From this principle he seems to deduce a condemnation of democracy and of socialism particularly, only to end up with this rather interesting confession:

> I do not worry overmuch about abstract philosophical problems, nor do I trouble much about questions such as finding a logical or rational basis for ethics or morality. Sayings of Christ—"It it better to give than to receive," and "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—take one into regions where logic and science are at present unable to provide any guidance.

Sir Arthur Keith announces boldly that he will tell all. "Deep in my heart," he writes, "I find a strange reluctance to set down here my innermost beliefs concerning God, man and the universe. But in these pages I have thrown prudence to the winds. I am resolved to be absolutely and resolutely honest with myself and with my readers. I know I shall shock many, but I hope my confession may bring comfort to others." And when the confession at length comes, we read: "The brain is not a tenement inhabited by a spirit or soul. The 'spirit' or 'soul' is but a name for the manifestations of the living brain." Shades of Democritus and Epicurus!

There are only two or three trained philosophers included in the symposium—a number not unrepresentative of the present low state of public interest in philosophic inquiry. Mr. Bertrand Russell, the first of the philosophical contributors, has staked his all on science, but has practically admitted in recent years that he has come to no complete and coherent perspective on the basis of it. In the present paper, besides giving us his interesting educational biography, he comes out for an ethics based on the primacy of the positive emotions over negative emotions, a principle which he spoils by interpreting it behavioristically into the superiority of impulses of approach over impulses of withdrawal.

John Dewey's contribution is in many ways the best of the whole series. Formally, at least, it answers the requirements of what a philosophic credo should be. In content as well, his philosophy of faith in experience wins approval through its evident grappling with a real problem—the problem of abstract and static moral codes in a period of social flux and vastly increasing scientific knowledge. The secret of Mr. Dewey's philosophy seems to be that whereas the party of science constructed a cosmology of materialism that had no relevance to social problems, and whereas the conservative idealists, in alliance with the party of religion, refused to have anything to do with science and rationalized the status quo, he, Dewey, was using science and the empirical attitude as a *machine de guerre* for modernizing our social codes. For this very reason Mr. Dewey's philosophy functioned best when he was fighting conservative tradition and could take a certain fund of moral idealism for granted. Today, however, when our whole sense of values is overshadowed by an all-pervasive skepticism—a skepticism not of this ethical system or that, but of any ethics whatsoever, as Mr. Krutch puts it—pragmatism needs to be radically extended if it is to provide philosophic guidance. It needs to justify a faith in the systematic values with which we approach experience, not merely to use science and experience as weapons for reforming traditional values. Incidentally, such an extended philosophy would have to clarify the interrelations of the scientific and the moral approaches in human nature—a problem left obscure in the old pragmatism, which thus implicitly encouraged the recent riot of ultra-scientific methods in social studies.

Of the credos by the men of letters, the most significant is that of Theodore Dreiser. He starts out, as everybody knows, from materialistic, bio-chemical premises, but in his own way he has meditated keenly the paradox of beauty in a pitiless and blind universe:

> Suns and flowers, and rats, and kings.
> Armies and electrons.
> Saints and microbes.
> The bacillus of cholera.
> The prayers and dreams of St. Francis. . . .

For Mr. Dreiser not to have found his peace of mind is better than it would be to have him find it in such terms as Miss Julia Peterkin, who draws from a colored mammy the faith that everything in the universe exists under law. "The drops of water in the slimiest mud puddle know when the temperature reaches the freezing point; and without the slightest hesitancy, but with the most powerful insistence, they step up into ice crystals which are as lovely and perfect as the purest flakes of snow."

Mr. Krutch, among the critics, expresses a mood of skepticism which seems vigorous and courageous, until one examines his premises. And then one begins to wonder whether it isn't, like so much of modern skepticism, a deliberately held pose, resting on an unquestioning belief in science, especially biology and psychoanalysis, together with a refusal to believe in any other values. If one wants to play the skeptic, one should properly throw all one's be-

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liefs into the melting pot, and see what happens. But that would be using skepticism as a methodical tool for fashioning a wholehearted philosophy—the last thing that the modern skeptic desires.

In assembling and publishing this series of philosophic credos the editor of The Forum and Messrs. Simon and Schuster have performed a distinct service to the cause of thought—though hardly of the kind they anticipated. They have not provided philosophic guidance for a generation in distress. Instead, they have put in black and white an amazing confession of the intellectual bankruptcy of our age.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG.

Thumbnail Sketches

Portraits in Miniature, by Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 224 pages. $2.50.

SINCE the day when Dr. Johnson openly rejoiced to concur with the common reader, each successive change in popular taste has renewed a standing literary quarrel: the feud between professional historians and men of letters. Pedants insist that history is matter; more enlightened scholars contend that history is method; but both unite to shoulder aside the man of letters, with his popular appeal and his emphasis upon personalities. In our time it has been the happy lot of Mr. Strachey to show that the common reader still has a right of free access to the records of the past, as those records may be interpreted or dramatized by men who value sound writing above strict impartiality. "The virtues of a metaphysician," says Mr. Strachey, "are the vices of a historian. A generalized, colorless, unimaginative view of things is admirable when one is considering the law of causality, but one needs something else if one has to describe Queen Elizabeth." *Experto crede Roberto.* This "something else"—the art of arrangement rather than the gathering of matter or the pursuit of a method—always has been Mr. Strachey's chief concern; and the eighteen brief studies in black and white which make up his latest volume are proof, if further proof be needed, that his most successful imitators are still but journeymen.

Here the sole object is to amuse. The exhibit opens with Sir John Harington, Queen Elizabeth's scapegrace godson, and ends with Mandell Creighton, late-Victorian Bishop of London. Sir John is celebrated as author of a Rabelaisian skit, "The Metamorphosis of Ajax," which Gloriana put to an untoward use; and Bishop Creighton is held up for our admiration because, in his voluminous "History of the Papacy," he was pleased to write of Alexander VI: "We may hesitate to believe the worst charges brought against him; but the evidence is too strong to enable us to admit that even after his accession to the papal office he discontinued the irregularities of his previous life." Between these extremes nothing is dull, and a little is illuminating. In particular, the essay on Gibbon is commendable. Doubtless Mr. Strachey's comments would have diverted Gibbon, could that worthy have read them in his latter days, at Bath; but it is difficult to imagine how he would have received them immediately after laying down his pen, "on the day, or rather night, of the twenty-seventh of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve," in a summerhouse at Lausanne.

It has been suggested that "Portraits in Miniature" will put the reader in mind of Mr. Strachey's earlier and more robust collection of fugitive pieces. Actually, none of these later essays can stand comparison with the study of Madame du Deffand, which by itself was enough to make "Books and Characters" memorable; nor can all the literary judgments in these pages, taken in bulk, outweigh the older essay on Racine. But what is wanting in depth is made up in virtuosity. When a sprightly historiographer sets himself to present a cabinet of characters, each of whom shall be done to the life within the smallest possible compass, one need not be surprised to find that the essays which result are exaggerations of the author's accustomed manner. This is as it should be; nor would one have it otherwise with Mr. Strachey, even though the heightening of his habitual manner involves also the exaggeration of his incidental mannerisms. One can read patiently through a dozen facile antitheses, for the sake of standing by while a single squib goes off as an epigram should, thus: "Queen Caroline's meat was Queen Victoria's poison; and perhaps Lord Macaulay's poison was Mr. Aldous Huxley's pap." What living writer can be more adept than Mr. Strachey in short-circuiting three centuries of a nation's thought?

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A Poet of His Age

Selected Poems of William Vaughn Moody, edited with an introduction by Robert Morss Lovett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 200 pages. $2.50.

WHEN William Vaughn Moody died in 1910, at the unripe age of forty-one, he left behind him a respectable body of major poetry and numerous minor lyrics, in addition to the prose plays which won him more general recognition than his verse ever could. In the present volume his friend and former colleague, Robert Morss Lovett, has assembled, together with a number of the shorter poems, a representative selection from the poetic dramas which were Moody's most ambitious performance. The book contains an introduction by the editor which gives one a clear and delightful picture of the poet's personality, sketches in briefly the main events in his life, and dwells thoughtfully upon his place in American poetry. Believing that Moody was not only "distinctly a poet of his age," a statement with which there can be no quarrel, Mr. Lovett also sees in his work anticipations of "the most modern of his successors," and on these sufficient grounds seeks to bring it again to the attention of the poetry-reading public.

A rereading, especially in the light of what we know to have been Moody's literary enthusiasms, of that portion of his poetry which is collected here, strengthens the conviction that he belonged to the age in which he wrote. He was neither the messiah nor the forerunner of this generation of poets. It is even doubtful whether, had he been spared, he would have been their fellow traveler. One finds here traces of the influence upon him of the Greek dramatists, of Shakespeare, of Shelley and of Milton, but one finds even more evident the sweet gravity of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold and the lyric vigor of Kipling. One finds too seldom the precision and intensity which were the battle cry and the goal of Moody's immediate successors. When one compares his best work with that slighter but more amazing body of verse which has recently and tardily brought fame to Gerard Manley Hopkins, one cannot but feel that Hopkins, writing more than thirty years before the Imagists were heard of, without falling into their vices, understood the poetic virtues they celebrated better than did this immediate predecessor.

Some of Moody's shorter poems, notably the tender

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"Daguerreotype" and the strong "Ode in Times of Hesitation," are rich in memorable lines, and his poetic dramas move majestically. But if he was concerned with major themes, his philosophy was not sufficiently considered or perhaps not expressed clearly enough to be convincing; his music, if sounding, was too often reminiscent, and his imagery, though often fine, was also too often literary. He was rooted in the great tradition but did not rise above it. This book is interesting for its portrait of a man who with dignity and humor lived the good life, rather than for its presentment of a poet. Moody had all the gifts except the essential one of "making you so cold," as Emily Dickinson put it, "that you feel as though you would never be warm again."

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Generalissimo and General

The Memoirs of Marshal Foch. Translated by T. Bentley Mott. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 517 pages. $5.

My Experiences in the World War, by John J. Pershing. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 2 vols. 836 pages. $10.

MARSHAL Foch's writings before the War showed him a master of the art of exposition no less than of the theory of war. The "Memoirs" are distinguished by the same qualities of clarity and precision. The English translation, which cannot be praised too highly, was made by Colonel T. Bentley Mott, who was liaison officer between Foch and Pershing during the entire time that the former commanded the Allied armies. The translator, in an introductory note, gives a brief personal sketch of the great captain, as he appeared to one who saw him daily during several months; he is shown to have possessed many amiable eccentricities. In the "Memoirs" themselves Foch reveals his predominant mental traits: a vigorous, penetrating and (in the military sphere) comprehensive intellect, coupled with a powerful will; extreme clarity of perception joined to extreme tenacity of purpose; inexhaustible patience and resource combined with unusual diplomatic ability.

The "Memoirs" are not a history of the War, but an account of the principal events in which their author participated. And not of all of these: the events of the three years from the beginning of 1915 to March 21, 1918, are entirely omitted. The military associates of the Marshal have therefore furnished an outline of his activities during these years. One can only speculate concerning Foch's motives in ignoring those three years of protracted agony; it is possible that, at least in retrospect, he did not approve of the methods, or even the principle, of the war of attrition.

In July, 1914, General Foch was in his sixty-third year. For a peacetime soldier, he had had a distinguished career. He had served on the general staff, he had been at the head of the War College, and he had risen to the command of an army corps. The outbreak of the War found him in command of the Twentieth Corps, stationed at Nancy, a key position on the frontier. As general of this corps, he took part in the abortive offensive into Lorraine, which he obviously regards as a blunder. It might have been disastrous; it ended in a serious reverse. On August 28, two days after the offensive was terminated, Foch received an order to present himself at General Headquarters, and it was on the road thither that he first learned of the progress of events elsewhere from the laconic communiqué: "The front of the invasion now reaches from the Somme to the Vosges."

Belgium and northern France up to the Somme were in the enemy's hands. The French armies had been beaten back everywhere, and were now in full retreat, from Verdun northward. In the course of this retreat a gap of twenty-five miles had been formed between the Fourth and Fifth Armies, so that the former was threatened with envelopment on its left. To guard against this danger, Foch was ordered to take command of an army detachment to operate between the Fourth and Fifth Armies; this detachment soon came to be known as the Ninth Army. Some of the elements of this force were in a state bordering on disorganization after the defeats suffered, the loss of officers, the long retreat. Foch was compelled to continue the retreat, in order to gain time for reforming their organization. How the retreat came to a halt, the face-about, the tenacious resistance offered to superior forces while in constant danger of envelopment on the right, the famous "castling" operation of the Forty-second Division—the narration of these events forms one of the most absorbing chapters in a book every page of which is tense with fateful drama. Throughout this battle Foch was aware that the heroic resistance of the Ninth Army (which consisted in continually renewing an offensive that was invariably beaten back, up to the climax of the action) was to enable victory to be achieved elsewhere. Full credit for the vast series of operations known as the First Marne, Foch gives to Joffre.

During 1915 and 1916 Foch was in command of the Armies of the North; 1915 was a year of waiting, while the new British army was forming; 1916 was signalized by the Somme offensive, which served largely to relieve the stupendous pressure on Verdun. The results achieved were considered insufficient by the French government. Joffre was displaced by Nivelle; Foch's command was taken from him (December, 1916). The fall of Nivelle brought Foch back, not, however, to a command, but as technical adviser to the French government, with the title of Chief of the General Staff (May, 1917). As such, he was the leading French military representative in the Allied war councils.

The Russian Revolution was perplexing to Allied leaders, and in his attitude toward the Revolution, Foch blundered along with the rest. The final withdrawal of Russia from the War was bound to result in a tremendous German superiority on the western front, pending the organization of the American army. Foch was urging the preparation of a unified plan of campaign and the formation of a general reserve; the latter would, of course, have to be subject to a supreme commander. But all his proposals came to naught, until the great blow fell, which almost shattered the British Fifth Army (March 21, 1918). Only then (March 26) was Foch charged by the French and British governments with the task of coördinating Allied action on the western front. A few days later (April 3) the British, French and American governments entrusted to Foch the "strategic direction" of military operations, but each national commander-in-chief was to have full control of the tactical employment of his forces, and was to have the right of appeal to his government from Foch's orders. Finally (May 14), Foch received the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies in France.

The problem with which he was confronted from March 26, when he was first given power to "coördinate," until July 18, when he assumed the offensive, was primarily as follows: Beginning with March 21, the Germans made five great offensives in succession, the first two directed against the British, the last three against the French. Their

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aim in each case was to force apart the two main Allied armies, driving each army back toward its bases—the British toward the Channel ports, the French toward Paris and the interior of France. But this divergent movement was precisely what each army tended to of its own accord, whenever it was hard pressed and compelled to seek safety in retirement. To the contrary, it was Foch's supreme problem, not merely to stop the Germans at every possible point, but above all to prevent any divergent movement of the two great armies. When each national commander-in-chief thought primarily of his own battle and his own army, Foch had to think of both armies and of joining their two battles into one. At first this gave rise to friction with both Haig and Petain, until success had given Foch the indispensable moral authority. How he first solved this most pressing problem, and how finally, when the American army had been formed, he assumed the offensive and sent the Germans reeling back before a succession of blows that gave them no respite from one end of the line to the other, is told in the second book of the "Memoirs." The total effect is truly grandiose; the brain of one man directing the efforts of those millions, assumes the proportions of a force of nature.

Foch's "Memoirs" are compact. Pershing's "Experiences" are diffuse and disjointed; numberless entries from his diary are reprinted in their original note form. Foch does not even report his own elevation to a marshal's rank (August 23, 1918); his entire attention is centered on the great battle in which he is engaged. Pershing reports in detail the conferring of decorations and the attendant ceremonies, as well as many other insignificant and trivial things. Pages are given to an account of correspondence and conferences aimed toward keeping prostitution out of the army —naturally without the slightest result. Aside from his strictures against the lack of American preparedness for war and the inefficient conduct of military affairs at home, Pershing lays greatest stress on two points: his insistence that the American troops be trained in methods of open warfare, and that the American army have a distinct and autonomous organization under the command of its own chief. As regards training, it does not appear that, in the Allied offensive which closed the War, the American soldier proved himself a better fighter than his French and British comrades, who had become accustomed to trench fighting. And as regards the formation of a distinct American army, the Allied commanders, and Foch in particular, all professed to be in favor of it on principle, even though the force of circumstances compelled them to incorporate fractions of the American army in the other Allied armies. During the final Allied offensive, only two-thirds of the American combat divisions were, in fact, under the direct command of Pershing, the others being distributed among the French and British armies, principally the former.

As regards the role of the American army, there is not the least doubt that its presence alone enabled the Allies to achieve victory. But the quality of its leadership is not so certain. Of its two principal operations, the St. Mihiel offensive was entirely successful and received the unstinted praise of Foch. On the other hand, the Meuse-Argonne operation came at one time to a dead halt, the result, it would seem, of inefficiency behind the fighting front. The old Tiger was furious; he threatened to start a fight for the recall of Pershing. Diplomatically, Foch tried to calm him, and though he excuses the slowness of the American advance by the difficulties of the terrain, he intimates that things might have gone better under more experienced leadership.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

For Connoisseurs

Two Symphonies, by André Gide. Translated by Dorothy Bussy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS BOOK by André Gide contains the two well known *récits,* "Isabelle" and "The Pastoral Symphony." "Isabelle" (1911) is the story of a young romantic who falls in love with a woman's picture and name. He refuses to think ill of her even when he observes her in very questionable behavior; and wakes from his illusion only when it can no longer be doubted that she is a virtual murderess, an unloving mother and a slut. The setting is a remote, crumbling château, most of the inhabitants of which are quaint or superannuated. The greater part of the story has taken place before the action proper begins, and the author's main interest is in the revelation of what has gone before.

"The Pastoral Symphony" (1919) deals with a Protestant pastor and the "lost sheep"—a blind girl, at first considered an idiot—whom he rescues from the workhouse and takes into his home. Despite the opposition of his wife, he undertakes the girl's education and discovers that she possesses an excellent mind and a beautiful body. He cannot bring himself to tell her of the evil that exists in the world, instructing her in the Gospels but not the Epistles, in Christ but not St. Paul. This, together with his fleshly love for her, precipitates the ruin that overtakes nearly everyone concerned.

Both stories are so subtly told that they can be summarized only after some reflection. And of course it is never the surface of Gide's work that gives it its peculiar fascination. Despite their consummate finish, we do not read these novelettes as objective art, but as examples of the psychology of guilt. The inner story of each begins with the moral task which Gide has set himself. In "Isabelle" it consists in the revelation of the antecedent material—that is, Isabelle's character. Ordinarily this would be an esthetic problem, but in Gide's hands it becomes a moral one. Every coincidence, every opportune discovery, everything that throws light on Isabelle, therefore, becomes sinful, forbidden; and the reader's pleasure corresponds not, as usual, to the author's skill in story-telling—for the truth is that no one believes in the story—but to the harassment of the author's conscience. The same is true of "The Pastoral Symphony," but that, though shorter, is more complex than "Isabelle." Into it enter, besides, a number of ethical and religious questions, and there is also a strong note of self-castigation; using his pastor as a mouthpiece, Gide seems to be trying to make himself realize, among other unpleasant things, that his own face is "full of care" and his own heart "arid."

Gide's American reader is seldom a moralist or a psychologist, however; he is more apt to be the man who sets up as a literary connoisseur. Such a person should be pleased with "Two Symphonies." In both of them the author's famous Protestant style, since he is gifted with one of the best of translators, retains its singular effectiveness. And his incomparable ingenuity is at its height in "The Pastoral Symphony," which, in externals at least, approaches perfection. It is true that his ingenuity seems to be at the service of something that he fundamentally does not believe, a situation which makes for a kind of hypocrisy. But there are some connoisseurs, like those gourmets who prefer their game high, who say that this taint of hypocrisy is what gives the bird its flavor.

GERALD SYKES.

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Book Notes

Biography

HEINRICH HEINE: A Critical Examination of the Poet and his Works, by H. Walter. *New York: Bloch Publishing Company. 332 pages. $4.25.*

One need not accept every opinion uttered in this book concerning Heine—the man, the poet, the critic of life, letters and art—in order to enjoy it thoroughly. Mr. Walter knows his Heine as few who have written of him in English have known him. He loves him, too; how can a biographer do justice to his subject without being in complete understanding with him? But he is also critical, as the subtitle promises; in fact, on occasion he is overcritical, for even Heine's human, all-too-human failings are indispensable ingredients in his personality. Perhaps nothing in the whole book illustrates the essential lovableness of that personality better than the following extract from Heine's letter to Campe, his publisher, whom Mr. Walter characterizes as "niggardly" and "unspeakable":

> You know as well as I do that my books, whatever they may be, are bound to be republished again and again—so I repeat my request, show yourself a Christian with regard to the number of copies you print. O my dearest Campe, what would I not give if you had more religion! But the reading of my own writings has done your soul harm, you have lost that delicate religious feeling you once possessed. You no longer believe in achieving your salvation by good works, only trash is acceptable to you. You have become a Pharisee, who sees in books nothing but the letter and not the spirit, a Sadducee, who does not believe in a resurrection of books in new editions, an atheist, who reviles my holy name in secret. Oh, repent and reform.

Public Questions

ESSAYS IN CONTEMPORARY CIVILIZATION, edited by C. W. Thomas. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 627 pages. $2.50.*

Selections made from the works of such prominent writers as John Dewey, Stuart Chase, I. A. Richards, Charles Beard and many other noteworthy commentators on the various trends of economic, educational, political and literary forces in our time, compose a volume whose intention is "to serve as an introduction to some of our conditions of life," and to cut across "segregated fields of knowledge." The collection is directed toward the college student, but the general reader, provided he has any taste for essays, will find much in it to interest and enlighten him.

RACE MIXTURE: Studies in Intermarriage and Miscegenation, by Edward Byron Reuter. *New York: Whittlesey House. 224 pages. $2.50.*

The essays included in this book deal with a variety of problems connected with racial amalgamation. But there is one problem which, like a binding thread, runs through the whole series of studies. Wherever a "superior" and an "inferior" race exist side by side, the hybrid offspring of the two are found to occupy an intermediate cultural and economic position. In the United States, for example, the mulattoes furnish nearly all the more talented or successful members of the Negro race. In Jamaica, Brazil, the Philippines, South Africa, the mixed stock constitutes a middle class between the ruling white element and the subject native population. The fact is indisputable. The easy and popular explanation for it is that talent and success vary in direct proportion to the amount of white blood in any individual or group. But Professor Reuter, who has devoted years of study to this problem, finds the biological explanation inadequate, whereas the phenomenon can be explained with complete adequacy on sociological grounds—especially by the relative degree of "isolation, mobility and opportunity" of the natives as compared with those of mixed racial origin.

Fiction

DEATH OF SIMON, by Boris Sokoloff. *New York: The Logos Publishing Company. $3.*

Dr. Sokoloff, who is a biologist as well as a novelist, has been successful in an extremely difficult type of writing, the psychological novel. He portrays the reactions of a sensitive spirit to love that is too beautiful to be consummated in reality. Finally, after drawing back, the hero is led to accept the contradictions of life.

DWARF'S BLOOD, by Edith Olivier. *New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.*

Nicholas comes from Australia to England, where he restores his ancestral home and marries Alethea. Their second child, Hans, is a dwarf, just as was Nicholas' mother, and Alethea is forced to keep the small creature protected from his father's hatred until manhood, when Hans' success as an artist breaks the spell of disgust and resentment, and the family is reunited. Sometimes a book may be unskillfully written from word to word, yet in its total effect present a degree of charm A major fault, however, dispels the charm of "Dwarf's Blood." It is that the problem has not been squarely faced. Suppose the elfin Hans had not been exquisite, talented and happy? Suppose instead that he had been ugly and miserable, then the story would have been more worth the telling, and would have contributed some truth rather than sentiment alone to this existent human affair of deformity.

Contributors

John Dewey, who needs no introduction to readers of The New Republic, was recently elected president of the People's Lobby, an organization in Washington whose slogan is, "We fight for the people; we get and give the facts."

Hart Crane, author of "White Buildings" and "The Bridge," two volumes of verse, and a recipient this year of a Guggenheim Fellowship, has been sojourning in Mexico City.

Robert L. Cruden, an automobile mechanic who has worked in the Packard and Ford factories, is a correspondent for the Federated Press and a contributor to The Nation, The New Masses and the labor press. He has just returned from a 300-mile trip of investigation through the strike region around Pittsburgh.

Hugh Hardyman who, as we noted last week, is an authority on the peripatetic art of thumbing one's way across the continent, has traveled 25,000 miles in the cars of obliging motorists. He is spending the summer in Woodstock, N. Y., a colony for tired brokers and artists.

Kenneth Burke, the author of a book of short stories, "White Oxen," has just completed a volume on esthetics, of which his contribution to this issue of The New Republic will be a part. It is entitled "Counter-Statement" and will be published by Harcourt, Brace this fall.

Milan V. Ayres, who has been a practising statistician since 1912, is at present analyst for the National Association of Finance Companies. Several years ago he was employed by the American Bankers' Association to make a study of instalment selling and its relation to finance companies.

Isador Lubin, the author of several volumes on economic subjects, and economic expert for the United States Senate Committee on Education and Labor in the recent investigation into unemployment, is a staff member of the Institute of Economics in Washington, D. C.

George Libaire, an assistant professor of English at St. Stephen's College of Columbia University, contributed editorially to The New Freeman.

Babette Deutsch is the author of several volumes of poetry and criticism, the most recent being a long poem published by Cape and Smith under the title of "Epistle to Prometheus."

Gerald Sykes, who was born in Peterborough, Ontario, of American parents, has contributed to the second and third "American Caravans" and to The Nation, The Hound and Horn and other magazines.

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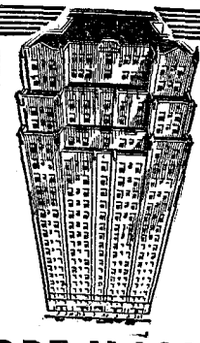

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